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The BYSTANDER

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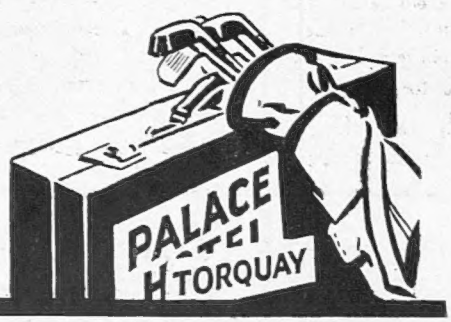

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The Bystander, January 29, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1624. Vol. CXXV.

Peter North

THE LADY GLORIA VAUGHAN

The first of the important 1934 débutantes to announce her engagement, less than a year after she officially came out, is Lady Gloria Vaughan, the eldest of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne's three daughters. She is engaged to Nigel Fisher, only son of the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher, K.B.E., R.N., and of Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, now the wife of the National-Liberal M.P. for Norwich. Lady Gloria Vaughan will be nineteen this year, and is one of the most attractive-looking of last year's débutantes

All Very Military

The Spur and Bearskin Ball at Grosvenor House

(1) Lord Amherst of Hackney, who is in the Blues, is with Miss Clifton Brown. (2) Captain Stewart-French had the pleasure of sitting between the Hon. Alicia Browne and Lady Fiona Fuller. They were all in Lady Dillon's party. (3) Miss Jasmine Bligh, Lord Darnley's niece, was there. Her father was in the Rifle Brigade. (4) Lady Jane Fitzroy is with Mr. Robin Greig. (5) Mr. Richard Maitland and Miss Patty Bevis are engaged, and are being married in July. (6) Miss Beatrice Baker is with Mr. Bullivant. (7) The Hon. Pamela Dillon, whose mother was deputy chairman of the ball, is with Lord Macduff, the son of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, who were also at the ball. It was held in aid of the Spur and Bearskin Club for ex-cavalrymen and guardsmen in London

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Cirquomania

The Circus Ball

"Rosie" Decided She Didn't Like Their Faces

Rosie, one of Mr. Bertram Mills' elephants, appeared for the first time in cabaret at the Circus Ball, in company with some Shetland ponies and a horse. But Rosie didn't like cabaret work, took fright, left the dance floor rather precipitately, and made a round tour of the galleries before her keepers took charge again. The Circus Ball, which was a very crowded affair, was in aid of the Knebworth Memorial Boys' Camp, a memorial to the late Lord Knebworth, Lord and Lady Lytton's son

Left: Lady Mary Dunn, who took a party to the Ball, Lady Castlerosse, Lady Catherine Willoughby and Mr. Derek Jackson

Left: Captain H. R. Boasten, the organiser, talking to Lady Hermione Cobbold, Lord and Lady Lytton's daughter, and Lady Erne's sister

Right: Lady Victoria Scott is with Major Metcalfe, whose wife was a committee-member and one of the party-givers of the evening

Above: Lord Borodale, M.P., the hon. treasurer, and Lady Jersey, the hard-working chairman of the ball committee

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby were in another large supper-party at Grosvenor House

Left: Miss Pamela Kingsmill, who was in her mother's, Mrs. Redmond McGrath's party, is dancing with Mr. Derek Hall-Caine

Right: Miss Jacqueline Daniells talking to Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Mr. C. A. Cobbold

Right: Christopher Mackintosh, one of the people whose name immediately spells winter sports, Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini, the Swiss Minister's younger daughter, and, therefore, a native, and Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, who follows his elder brother, Lord Clydesdale's example both in the air and on the snow

Below: Evelyn Coats, an attractive migrant from the Coats' town, Paisley, getting herself ski-ed up for a run over the Klosters brand of snow

The Swiss Idea . . .

Day and Night Views In Klosters and St. Moritz

Night Life at Klosters

Above: Francis Williams, Lord Lyell, Peter Scott, a Cambridge Blue, and J. B. Kidston at the guest night at the Kirchner at Klosters. Most of the cabaret was provided by the guests, and included yodelling by Christopher Mackintosh and bagpipe-playing by Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton

They All Have the Cresta Look

Left: Major Oliver, the Cresta secretary, the Hon. Ben Bathurst, Lord Northesk and W. Fiske were photographed after a morning's work practising their favourite perilous sport on the Cresta

Sylvia Davidson is another of the decorations at Klosters, which has been having a gay and full season

Photos by Swaebe

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 87

John Gielgud

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

WITH Irish and Polish blood running in equal proportions through his veins, it is not surprising that John Gielgud refused to be an architect and went on the stage—especially when the Irish in him is the famous Terry strain, while his great-grandmother was La Aschperger, toast of the Warsaw stage.

So keen was he on the footlights, that he persuaded his parents to let him leave Westminster while he was still seventeen, on the plea that if he proved a failure on the stage he could still start a more conventional career before he reached years of discretion.

His very first appearance on the stage was at the Old Vic, where he walked on and said: "Here are the numbers of the slaughtered French" (*Henry V.*—you know). Meantime, he was studying at Lady Benson's School, until cousin Phyllis Neilson Terry took him on tour at four pounds a week as assistant stage-manager, understudy, and walker-on in *The Wheel*. He then reverted to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where Nigel Playfair spotted him in the end-of-term performance, and put him into *The Insect Play*—a kindly action, but one which nearly ended his career. He had to walk about sighing, with a bay leaf and a golden tennis racket. ("It is a wonder I ever got a job again.")

Followed understudies in Drinkwater's *Robert E. Lee*, and *Romeo and Juliet*; then Charley, of *Charley's Aunt*. From there he went to Oxford—not as an undergraduate and the O.U.D.S., but as an actor for two seasons in Fagan's Repertory Theatre. Here he cleverly gave Gyles Isham mumps, and got his part as Hamlet, opposite Gwen ffrangçon-Davies, at the Regent. He then followed Noel Coward in *The Vortex* and *The Constant Nymph*. Two seasons at the Old Vic, *The Cherry Orchard*, and a not successful visit to New York, intervened before *The Good Companions* and *Musical Chairs*. In the latter play he proved beyond doubt that he is better at portraying temperamental young men living on their nerves than anybody else in the country. Which, of course, is why he is so good as Hamlet. His Richard of Bordeaux is still fresh in everybody's memory.

TO-DAY, as Hamlet once more, he looks as though he will break the existing record of a two-hundred nights' run. With his fine forehead, Scotch knees, and admirable voice he is the typical actor. He hates games, though learning tennis with bitter energy; has a cruelly vivid anticipation of dentists, doctors, fast cars and first nights; alternates between a house at Finchingfield and a flat in St. Martin's Lane; is dying to play opposite Bergner, and with the Lunts; would like to be in the same shows as Gertie Lawrence and Marie Tempest; confesses to a sneaking hope of acting in a Lonsdale drawing-room comedy; and fully intends, one day, to have his own repertory theatre, with a nightly alteration of programme, and, if possible, guest artists. I wonder whether Hollywood and Elstree will let him? For character-actors of his ability—he is only thirty, and getting better every day—are devilish scarce.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Stern Papa Again

SKETCHED BY HARRIS

The First of the Barretts

A sketch, published in the "Bystander," of Cedric Hardwicke, who originated the part when "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was first produced in 1930

"The Barrett's of Wimpole Street" (Piccadilly)

MOST playgoers will welcome the chance of paying another call upon the interesting Barrett family, except, perhaps, those sticklers who almost foam at the mouth with rage when Rudolf Besier's play is mentioned, and declare that no author should be allowed to butcher facts to make a theatre comedy.

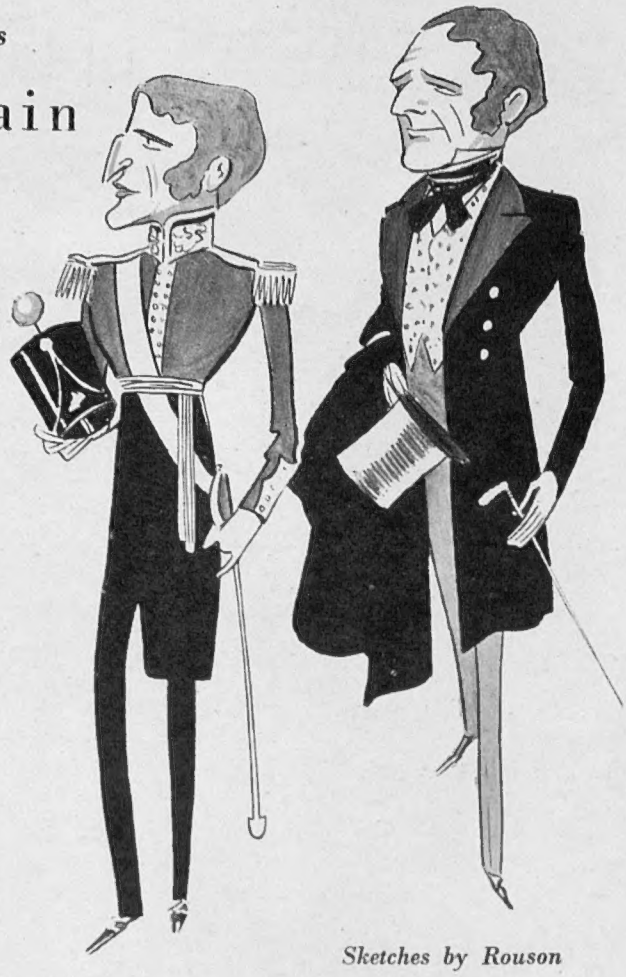
Whether the objectors are historically right or wrong does not, however, interest me, especially at this time of day about four and a half years after the original production. What does interest is in seeing how Wilfrid Lawson fares in following Cedric Hardwicke in the character of Edward Moulton-Barrett.

SIR CEDRIC is about the finest character-actor we have, and as that stern papa he gave one of his most memorable performances; it is the more easy to compare with that of Wilfrid Lawson in that Hardwicke's acting is almost impossible to forget, for he not only dominated the proceedings when on the stage, but his sinister influence (Besier version) was felt even when he was absent.

WILFRID LAWSON does not copy his predecessor. He makes of Edward Moulton-Barrett a more commonplace character, though equally objectionable; but on occasions his voice, to my mind, stresses too strongly the raucous drone of nonconformity. Nevertheless, the power and influence of the character are there for all to see and are admirably expressed.

Gwen ffrangçon-Davies, Scott Sunderland and Marjorie Mars—how good she is!—are seen in their old parts, and as much care has been lavished on this revival as on the original production.

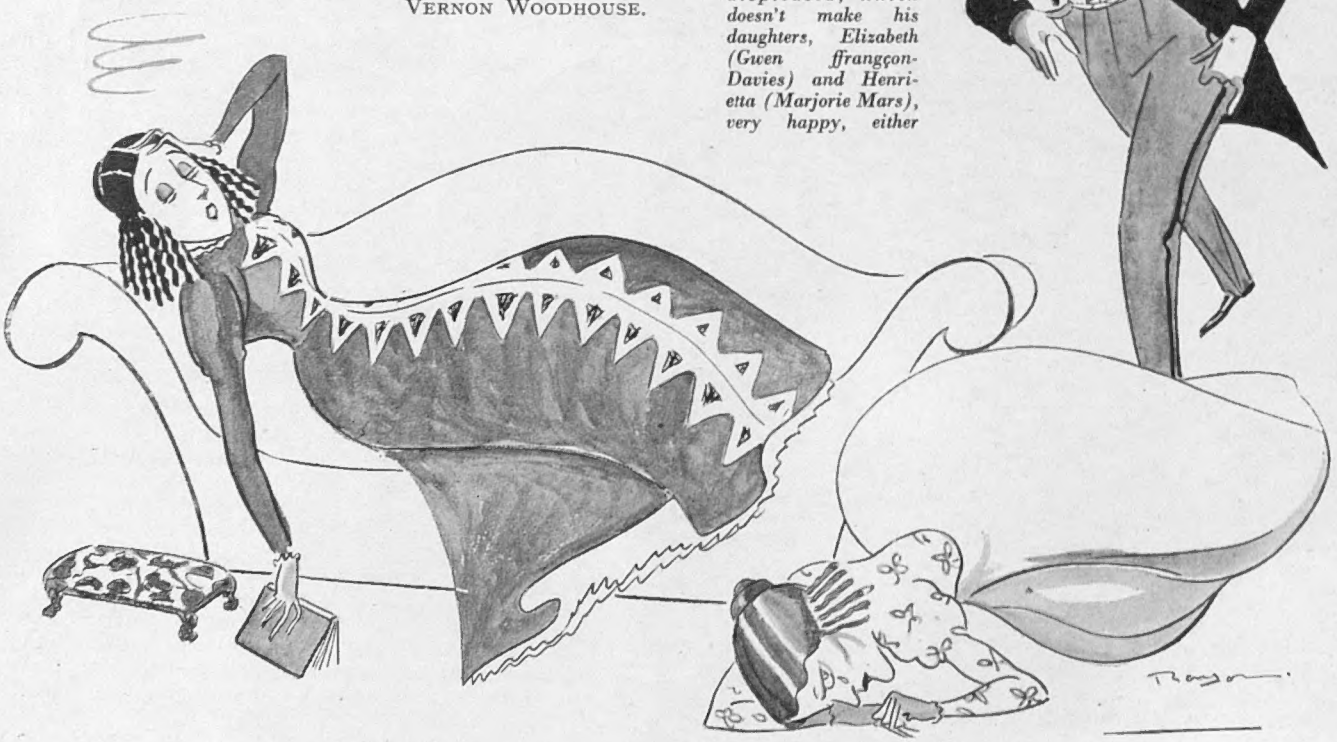
VERNON WOODHOUSE.



Sketches by Rouson

Two bold young men ready to risk the displeasure of Mr. Barrett: Captain Surtees Cook (Ronald Waters) and Mr. Robert Browning, a poet (Scott Sunderland)

Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street (Wilfrid Lawson) is seriously displeased, which doesn't make his daughters, Elizabeth (Gwen ffrangçon-Davies) and Henrietta (Marjorie Mars), very happy, either



Sea-Food For Mayfair

Prunier's Opens in St. James's Street

Sir John and Lady Dashwood were at the opening party. They had not joined the Mayfair-overseas contingent, having a son and daughter home from school. Lady Dashwood's velvet pork-pie hat and muff were amusing

Above: Mme. Barnagaud Prunier, granddaughter of the original M. Prunier, who started the famous Paris restaurant, talking to Lady Elibank, Mrs. Cooper and Baron Marchitta

Left: Lady Joan Colville and her husband, Mr. David Colville, went to try over the first of the sea-food

Above: Lady Burney and Lady Sackville each have a good plate of what might be oysters

Left: Mrs. Stewart Brown and Mr. Claude Graham-White managed to find seats whereon to cope with their fish snacks

Left: Lady Mount-Temple talking to Gilbert Frankau, whose last book, "Three Englishmen," came out a week or two ago

CIRCLING THE SQUARES

No. 1 Belgrave Square

— And All That

An aerial view of Belgravia, with Belgrave Square in the circle, Cadogan Place in the foreground, Eaton Square on the right, and the gardens of Buckingham Palace at the top

By MIRÓN

THE grandest, gayest and least spoilt of London's squares, built on ten acres of marshes, famed for footpads and rheumatism, Belgrave Square, with its fifty palaces and near-palaces, will be the centre, this year, of more party-giving than will be found anywhere else. The coming of the Kents has focussed publicity on Number 3—Lord de Ramsey's old house, held on lease by Lady Juliet Duff—but no one has remembered that another Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, lived, in 1840, at Number 36, now the Belgian Embassy. As to Number 3, there is not a corner, not a housemaid's cupboard that has not been described by gossip-writers, who have been discovered in the chimney and on the roof—descriptions that have made the public thoroughly Belgrave-conscious.

An unwanted guard of honour can be noted at all hours, at Number 3, in the form of a silent group of curious strangers, wearing that vacant look we know so well outside every wedding reception.

WHEN Mr. Cubitt—ancestor of Holland, Hannen and Cubitt's, and of Roland Cubitt—laid out his square and commissioned Hardwick to design Seaford House and Number 49 (now Sir Alfred Beit's) on the dismal swamp known as the Five Fields, he knew perfectly what he was about. He meant to make a second Mayfair, and he succeeded. The long rivalry between the Squares of London seems to be ending in a dead-heat between Grosvenor and Belgrave, with the odds in favour of the latter. Belgrave has always been grand and select; but a dowdy pomp once clung to it, and as there was, in fact, no noticeable rush to take houses there at first, Mr. Cubitt, first of London's great "realtors," did what many an honest flat-speculator has done since. He lured a few fine titles to act as decoys, including the current Earl of Essex. In 1935, a century later, the Square is lively with two Royal mansions, four Embassies, and several houses with young people. . . .

ONE of the least serious moments of the Peace Treaty aftermath was when the Hungarians solemnly argued their technical right to divide the old Austro-Hungarian Embassy at Number 18. The Foreign Office, with equal gravity, decided that there were structural difficulties and historical objections, and what would the Westminster Estate say?

The Hungarians went elsewhere. . . . And pre-war Secretary Franckenstein succeeded to the red brocade and gilt, rather faded by now, of his old chief, Mensdorff. To-day, with the tapestries and treasures sent over by poor Dolfüss, the drawing-room, L shaped, like most in the Square, is one of London's most famous interiors. The staircase is very narrow, but anyone familiar with the local architecture knows the quick-cut down to supper. Lady Oxford is one who always looks for the exit on arriving—a sensible precaution. When there isn't a party or a meeting, which is rare, you may be so fortunate as to lunch alone with his Excellency, on a tray, and find you are, for the moment, in the heart of social London. "Too kind of you to come," he murmurs; "so grateful for your advice in this matter of winter-sports." (Or it may be a Viennese prima donna, winter relief, or the future of Salzburg.) No one in London has more friends.

AMONG the best parties in the Square are those at Seaford House, one-time Sefton House, and re-built by Lord Howard de Walden. The natives in one of our more backward colonies tell travellers' tales of how a white man came and removed a mountain of green onyx—to make that staircase at Seaford House, up which come the musical ones to hear music, and the others to dance, and, in the summer, sit out on that enormous porch. It is odd that two of London's great landlords, Lord Howard and the Duke of Bedford,

The North-East Side in 1828

In 1935 the corner house is the Mexican Embassy; next door lives Lord Mount Edgcumbe; the centre house was the late Lord Aberconway's; beyond, at 41, is Prince Arthur of Connaught

Right: the Duke of Westminster, Belgravia's landlord. Lord Howard de Walden, of Seaford House; Lady Juliet Duff, landlord of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, at No. 3; Lady Sassoon, of No. 17; and Elizabeth Lady Cory of No. 28

are tenants, in this Square, of the Duke of Westminster. . . .

MENUS have, fortunately, changed since Macaulay described Lord Essex's dinner at Number 9, with its huge haunch of venison, fat, roasted goose and beef. The Square has always been famed for its chefs. Seaford House, for instance, cooks its own ball-suppers, and a famous table is kept at Number 17, followed by dances given by that handsomest and kindest of grandmothers that any débutante could wish for, Lady Sassoon. A ball at Number 17 overflows, by a covered balcony, into the Duchess of Bedford's drawing-room; which just shows the neighbourliness of the Square. After any dance the young people wander round it in peace, as there are seldom passers-by from lowlier districts. Some of the best luncheon-parties have been at Number 20 when (American) Mrs. Payne Thompson is over here, a house that held the Ellesmeres until Bridgewater House was completed, and which has been cleverly modernised with ball-room frescoes, the dining-room, too, being very elegant indeed.

A few doors away, those cheerful Lygons, led by Lord Elmley, have a lucky time at Number 13, and another bachelor host, Sir Alfred Beit, gives supper parties in what was once the Duke of Richmond's.

THE south side, which was building as late as 1845, includes Number 28, which was once Crewe House—these names move about town with their owners. It is now famous for the annual Kreisler music rout, given by Lady Cory, who is one of the popular characters of London. Her famed Victorian jewellery can be seen at most Embassy parties. Number 30 has one of the 1935 débutantes in Lord and Lady Hastings' girl, and might reasonably be the scene of a dance soon. Next door live that good-looking young couple, Lord and Lady Hambleden. He is head of W. H. Smith's, interested, like his colleague, St. John Hornby, in the fine arts, whether printing, music, opera, or Sadler's Wells, is married to Lord Pembroke's daughter, and is a nephew of Lady Salisbury's. They are among the most popular of the young-married set.

THE newly re-furnished Mexican and Portuguese Embassies are worthy, one hears, to be companions to the Spanish, once Downshire House. The Square has long forgotten that alarming morning when the republican flag went up on the Spanish building. But to-day it is better maintained than any, and the old servants and older plate remain. At the Belgian Embassy, Madame Cartier gives lunch-parties, and pleasant musicals—one does not remember a dance there.

ACROSS the way from the Duke of Kent's is the house of his cousins, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, next to which is the oldest house in the Square, and in respect of its ornament, the finest. At the moment Number 43 is empty; it was here two summers ago that the late Lord Aberconway gave the most appalling crush we have ever witnessed. We could neither move forward nor backward, and some were isolated for hours on the balconies. It surpassed the scenes at a ball in Eaton Square that summer. Apparently the L.C.C. have no control over numbers in a private party; but if tickets are sold for a charity affair, sturdy firemen appear, complete with highly inflammable oil-lit exit notices, and watchful inspectors to count the heads, strictly limited then. . . .

The West Side and Belgrave Chapel in 1828

The new Portuguese Embassy is on the left, the Austrian Embassy in the centre of the west side, and the now demolished Belgrave Chapel on the right

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Lady Mount Temple

Wore a dark-red dress and mink coat to watch the skating at the Fancy Dress Gala at the Ice Club. She was in Mrs. John Wrench's party

Mrs. John Wrench

Watching Phil Taylor's hair-raising barrel jumps in the Ice Club gala. She had on a red velvet dress and orchids on her shoulder. She was Mrs. Chichester

Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge and Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg

A sketch of Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge (Peggy Barnard that was) and Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg dining at the San Marco. She was wearing a gold dress and ear-rings to match

Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton and Mr. Whitney Straight

On the balcony of the Café de Paris, that excellent spying-ground; Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, who is the elder of the Winchilseas' two daughters, was wearing an austere little black halo hat

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

WITH faint surprise we've been waiting—so far in vain—for the squawks of protest from Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, and the usual humanitario-vegetario-literary gang, over the treatment of Ernst Toller, the German Communist playwright, author of *Masses and Men* and other works of ecstasy and boredom. Herr Toller was actually prevented by the Irish authorities from addressing a meeting in Dublin recently. Not a sound from the boys over this flaming injustice; not a funereal note.

We can't understand it. Our proud, chivalrous literary boys used to be pretty shrill and indignant whenever a third-rate European Radical-Socialist litteratoor got his pants kicked for making a public nuisance of himself. The Sacred Rights of Literature (Which Knows No Frontiers), the immemorial gumble-gumble of the infrangible intellectual poohbah—you've heard it as often as we have. Can it be that the vigilant champions of justice and freedom are getting a bit languid? We notice the present Bolshevik reign of terror in Mexico hasn't produced a single squeak from any of them. We're not surprised at that, actually. The victims in Mexico are on quite the wrong side. But we did think the case of Ernst Toller might have roused them to action of some sort.

Don't Go Yet

WE'VE nothing personal against Herr Toller, except that we once had to sit right through one of his plays on a Sunday night and, in our waking moments, watch Dame Sybil Thorndike working like a Trojan woman trying to make herself believe there was something in the flow of portentous, arid babble. (She had to get into a cage once, too.) As a crashing bore, we rank Herr Toller with Karl Marx and Little Nell; as a world-thinker, we rank him with Shaw and our hall-porter's little girl, May Olive, who has adenoids. Considering all this, we can't for the life of us understand why the Wells-Shaw combination didn't get up on its toes, yelping, and present the usual manifesto to the Irish Government, signed by every crank in the British Isles.

The Gift Habit

AN advertisement offering for sale in London a 14-carat pink diamond presented to Catherine the Great by the Shah of Persia about 1780, interested us chiefly as an indication of the fairly rare good taste of Oriental potentates. Which would you prefer—this pink diamond or that monstrous great pair of gold binoculars, chased and encrusted thickly with topazes and rubies, which a Sultan of Turkey gave (if we are not mistaken) to Edward VII.? What a decoration for the home! Wow!

The truth is, that your Oriental potentate's presents, when they are not entirely tasteless, are generally pretty embarrassing and uncertain. Haroun-al-Raschid, who sent gift elephants to Charlemagne, affords an example. If you were one of his intimates you might find on your doorstep, any morning, 500 milk-white camels laden with jewels and attended by 500 lovely Circassian nude dancing-girls, or else a great, ugly, scowling dinge carrying a razor-sharp scimitar and attended by twenty-five brawny Nubians, with orders to fry you in perfumed oil before dismemberment. Neither could be refused without mortally offending Haroun. And what about Balkis, Queen of Sheba, who rewarded her boy friends, when bored, by throwing them to the tigers? (Or are we thinking of Queen Elizabeth?)

Anyhow, we have nothing but praise socially speaking, for Catherine the Great, who had 7,876,541 lovers of every social grade, from foreign sailors, via the Preobajensky Guards, up to ambassadors and princes, and perpetually showered diamonds and emeralds on them, as if jewellery were bird-seed. Most of these jewels were real, too. Now that the Gigolo is counted as belonging to the Liberal Professions, we often wonder that no marble tablet to Catherine has yet been put up in the foyer of some smart hotel.

"And then we went on to see 'Les Girls' again"

Salute to Auntie

THE flood-tide of congratulatory messages from far and near to Auntie *Times* on her 150th anniversary having somewhat subsided—we noticed a gratifying one last week from the *Much Gollop Weekly News and East Burpshire Monitor*—we feel it is time to add our own felicitations. Our message runs this way—

DEAR AUNTIE *Times*,

On behalf of the frivolous, but not lewd, BYSTANDER public, we should like to express to you our respectful homage on your 150th birthday.

Naughty though we may have been in our behaviour towards you at times, we really do realise that you have your points. You may be a solemn, stiff-necked, and priggish old lady, elephantine as to build and portentous in utterance; you may emit pronouncements which, as H. G. Wells once said, are like Somebody of the Highest Importance talking through three thicknesses of woollen blanket; you may be severe (which makes us laugh) or sentimental (which makes us go all queasy); you may encourage dons and schoolmasters to blether and boom; but we will say, Auntie, that your morning productions never read as if they had been written by, and for, hysterical housemaids.

We think your "third leaders," in addition, are pretty good. God bless you, and preserve you from the grievous sin of spiritual pride.

Yours affectionately,

THE BYSTANDERS.

If this doesn't produce an excited rustle of bombazine and a pleased flutter of corkscrew curls in Printing House Square, we shall regret this emotional outburst damnably.

"Don't bother; I'll come in again next week"

show that, when it is really worth the Devil's while, he can make more thorough and sinister plans.

A Case for Harley Street

THE most interesting case of amnesia we've come across for some time we found last week in a publisher's blurb, which quoted Mr. Gerald Gould, the *Observer* critic, as saying of some new masterpiece or other: "I have dared to use the word 'great.' I cannot remember when I used it last."

Loss of memory, partial or complete, should be pretty rare among the leading booksy boys, seeing they use the words "great," "stupendous," "shattering," "vital," and "masterpiece" regularly once a week. The only three exceptions we know are Compton Mackenzie, James ("Boss") Agate, and the BYSTANDER bloke, none of whom ever falls into fits of hysteria and frothing, even over books recommended by Noel Coward. The leading booksy girls, of course, regularly get out of hand, especially over novels written by feverish female Puritans at the top of their voices. Rising and falling on their bed of thorns, with gasps and yelps of ecstasy, the girls get so worked up and shattered that they can only make dumb faces in the end.

What we need in the London booksy world are more critics of the calibre of that Hollywood film-magnate who (as we discovered recently from an American film-weekly) was given a newly-written film-story by Hugh Walpole to look at. Calmly taking a blue pencil, at length the magnate wrote "Lousy" across the typescript and went out to lunch.

News of the Devil

A NEW play about the Devil (of which a leading critic remarked, quite soundly, that although the characters seemed to believe in the Devil, they didn't seem to know any one of the simple traditional methods of dealing with him) depicts the father of lies as a stout, rather greasy personage in plus-fours. This seems to us to be knocking the Stock Exchange quite unnecessarily.

If we must modernise the Devil, we think the best portrayal of him up to date is that by Max Beerbohm in *Enoch Soames*. Here the Devil appears (as you remember) as a flashy man-about-town with a little too much of everything; too much architecture about the nose, too much bravura of the waxed moustache, too much fancy waistcoat, too much gloss, too much suavity, too much domineering self-conceit. In other words, not a gentleman. The bitterest moment in that exquisite story comes at the end, when Mr. Beerbohm meets the Devil swaggering along a Paris boulevard, and the Devil cuts him dead. ("To be cut—by *him!*") A humiliating business.

Yes; of modern concepts we like the Beerbohm Devil best—much better than Irving's, or Chaliapine's, or Emil Jannings's. Naturally, he has an infinity of shapes at his disposal. To a modern hermit (we know one, at least) he would probably appear not as a débutante or Greta Garbo, which, in these days, would only provoke a yawn, but, we imagine, as a fine big block of Imperial Tobacco shares, or something equally good, being the prize for which the modern thinker will most willingly sell his immortal soul.

The strange happenings recorded some years ago in the village of Ars (France),

Sob Story

THE wettest occasion London has experienced since Mr. James Douglas urged us, in choking accents, to write to our mothers, was probably that emotional early morning recently when Miss Betty Gow, of the Lindbergh case, got on the trans-Atlantic telephone to Mrs. Gow in a London newspaper office. Everybody seems to have swum in tears—

"Yours, sir, I think!"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 16.—A. P. Herbert

He can write you a revue
Full of sketches bright and new,
And not be over-worried by the task;
He can prove the Law 's a crass
And unmitigated h'ass,
Concealing wisdom 'neath a comic mask;
And he will not take offence
If some readers prove too dense
To grasp each subtlety, but—here 's the rub!—
Like his beer, he just MUST be
Taken with due "gravity"
On the question of the drink hours for the pub.

You can joke about his kit
And he will not mind a bit,
You can pull his leg about his blessed barge,
You can criticise the style
Of his coiffure, and he 'll smile,
But never, NEVER make the baseless charge
That, in giving us his views
On the fettered sale of booze,
He is playing and not fighting for a cause
Since the question is to him
Very grave and very grim
Now he 's out to smash those Licincensing laws.

B. W.

"Please, sir, the butcher says: 'Did you order a sheep's head?'"

Miss Gow, Mrs. Gow, the telephone operators in Flemington (N.J.) and London; the night news-editor; the gentleman who listened in for the newspaper and wrote the story; the sub-editors (who cry best after dinner); the reporters, the messengers, the firemen, the printers, the office cat, and the hale, hearty old night-porter, who hasn't cried since Derby Night.

We scanned the story at breakfast and hiccupped, our tear-ducts (as we 've told you before) having dried up unexpectedly in 1931. When we came to the part where Mrs. Gow asked Miss Gow if it were true that she was engaged to a Mr. Septimus Banks, our heart gave a leap. Was it true? We longed for it to be true. We even reached out mechanically for the telephone directory to get Mr. Douglas at once.

"Listen, Mr. Douglas. Love has burgeoned amid the storm-clouds! . . . Yes, Miss Gow and a Mr. Septimus Banks . . . BANKS . . . 'B' for Balloon, 'A' for—hello! What? Yes, we 're a bit unnerved, too . . . What? . . . Rather, we shall look forward to Sunday! . . . Goodbye.") Then we read further and found Miss Gow saying: "There 's nothing in that report, mother," and the rosy glow abruptly faded. We knew Life had cheated us again, and we turned over with a shrug to the sports page.

Folk-song Hour

Fined 20s. for not making way for a pedestrian at a street crossing, a lady wrote to the Croydon magistrates the other day, saying: "I am only a working girl." Which reminds us that you may not have heard the ballad, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," with which that fine film-comedienne, Marie Dressler, made a success in a touring drama, we 're told, some thirty years ago. Opening verse, as sung to us the other evening by a collector of American antiquities:

A village maid was leaving home, her eyes with tears were wet,
Her mother dear was standing near the spot;
She says to her: "Neuralgia, dear, I hope you won't forget
That I 'm the only mother that you 've got;
The city is a wicked place, as anyone can see,
And cruel danger round your path may swirl,
So every week you 'd better send your wages home to me,
And Heaven will protect the working girl."

Concluding lines, better than the rest:

You may tempt the upper classes
With your villainous demi-tasses,
But Heaven will protect the working girl.

Nemesis

An odd story is going round the clubs. It seems that a very old member of the Athenæum, with galloping bronchitis, was crawling home one night through Mr. Hore-Belisha's silence-zone, making a frightful, mournful, hooting noise, and a policeman warned him; and he asked the policeman crossly on whose authority, and the policeman said: "Orblysha," and the very old member said innocently: "What are Orblysha?" thinking they were a kind of lepidoptera, and immediately the heavens opened and a shower of forked lightnings zigzagged down and struck the very old member instantly into a little smoking heap of grey, fluffy ash; highly unpleasant.

We ourselves got the story from a man who had it whispered to him by a little bird whose greatest friend, in the Blues, has a man who is engaged to a parlour-maid who walks out with several policemen.

The Bystanders.

Listen...

A GIGOLO is a gigolo, even when disguised in an immaculate-fitting pink coat. English gigolos are bad enough—foreign ones are worse.

•

ALTHOUGH we may be very grateful to them in a few years' time; just at present we have no use for mincing little men who fetch and carry for old women.

•

ALMOST worse is the effeminate snob who aims at being highbrow, but, in most cases, is a drivelling bore. Particularly do we dislike the type who considers that he, and all those like him, are right, and that all the He-men are wrong. After an hour or two in the company of these pretty-pretties, we sigh for the hearty chaps who bite us smartly in the neck when they drive us home in the taxi.

•

FAR be it from us, though, to hold any brief for the pouncer. Above all, we do like a little technique in our wooing, and the world has a very distorted look when viewed standing on your head in an open sports-car.

•

ALTHOUGH we 're all in favour of a "tiddley," we have reluctantly come to the conclusion that a number of young men, including a certain baronet, would be far better fun if they signed the pledge. It 's precious little compensation to us next day, when we view a torn frock and anoint a black eye, to hear a voice on the other end of the telephone regret he was rather plastered.

•

QUITE definitely, we are not in favour of practical jokes, being of the opinion that they are unmistakable evidence of arrested development. We hope that they will, before very long, be considered grounds for divorce, and, for ourselves, we would far sooner our soul-mate was unfaithful and beat us than that he should be perpetually imitating the breaking of glasses, or that his idea of fun should be placing a frog in our bed. We should very much like to hear what a very sweet person we all know has to say about it.

WE admit you 're quite lovely, but you can't expect any man to take you seriously while you wear such monstrosities. You can't expect him to know that you look divine without them. Wouldn't it be a good thing to ask some kind, helpful little woman to give you a little advice?

•

THIS "cutting" business is really too farcical and, personally, we have far too much on our own hands to take sides in other people's troubles. Not so a vast majority of people, and we actually saw a middle-aged woman cut a perfectly sweet child the other day simply because her mother had had a lawsuit with a friend of hers.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 9.

The Countess of Warwick

Paul Tanqueray

AS the lovely Bingham, she took London by storm much about the same time as the lovely Whigham and the lovely Poulett; but, although she never managed her publicity with the uncanny skill of the Whigham, she ended up by being more talked about than either of the other two put together. Engaged to Lord Warwick at a tender age, the engagement was broken off, and his Lordship became affianced to her rival, which was altogether too much of a good thing, and Rose had him back within six months. Very lovely, with a figure men go mad about, gay and irresponsible, Rose Warwick has had more admirers than any girl of her time. She is generous-hearted and impulsive to a degree, and, in consequence not invariably the best judge of character. Adored by the townsfolk and retainers of Warwick, Rose fulfilled the first obligations of a Countess last year by presenting her handsome husband with a son and heir. Rose and Foulke understand one another perfectly, they have many friends, and their lives should be very happy.

WE are not in favour of people using the sacred cause of charity for rising a step or two up the social ladder.

•

WE have nothing against a man for marrying a rich wife, but we could not deplore more strongly the action of one husband, who, when under the influence, refers to all his wife's belongings as "Mine," when, in reality, she saved him from the workhouse.

•

QUITE between ourselves, we hear that she is beginning to look around a bit, and no one could blame her. Oh, my! That girl 's been patient.

•

WE 'VE been in love with most kinds of men in our time, but although we couldn't like their music better, we have never fallen for a bandsman—no; not even a violinist or a saxophonist. We hear, though, that this kind of love runs in families, being descended in the female line.

•

WE do not pose as being any more charitable than our sisters, but we do deplore the practice of hitting a chap or a girl when they're down, and we think people are behaving unnecessarily unkindly to a very lovely blonde. While admitting she 's behaved stupidly, she 's done no worse than thousands of other people; and, after all, she couldn't help him falling in love with her.

•

HOW many of us, when a handsome man says he 's crazy about us, will say he mustn't be, and stick to it?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cheer up, darling. You mustn't worry, though we 've never thought vanishing cream very much good.

No, dear. No gentleman would call you one. We think he must have been referring to one on his plate.

No, Walter. Neither Lord Castlerosse nor Mr. Churchill gives boxing lessons.

No wonder you were bilious, Elsie; but, as you say, he didn't know about it, so no harm was done. Did you really mean two whole bottles? If so, we think you did very well to walk upstairs.

Above : Captain Healey, Mr. Robert Sweeny and the Hon. Katharine Norton, Lord Grantley's daughter, went to the first night of the new edition of Monte Carlo Follies

Right : Miss Florrie Owen, who looks more attractive every time she catches the camera's eye, was in a party with Lord Glenconner and Lord Queensberry

Miss Florence Desmond came on to Grosvenor House after her performance in "Streamline," with her fiancé, Mr. Campbell Black

The Hon. Mrs. Taffy Rodd was wearing a flowing velvet dress with a shiningly metallic sash

Park Lane Night Life

The Opening Night of the New Show at Grosvenor House

Above : the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, Lord Glenconner's sister, is with Mr. Guy Lambert

Left : Commander and Mrs. Colin Buist and the Hon. Anthony Herbert were in a supper-party together

Right : Mrs. Archie Campbell was another decorative woman who went to see "Les Girls," as the Grosvenor House beauties may now officially be called, since the Dorchester has turned revue-wards

Photographs by Swaebe

Who Wouldn't Have Bought a Circus Ball Programme?

Miss Hazel Walker and Miss Felicia Riese were two of the débutante and ex-débutante programme-sellers at the Circus Ball who were commanded by Lady Ursula Manners

The Hon. William Astor, when he arrived at Grosvenor House, had to make a big choice—whether he'd buy a programme from Miss Fiona Colquhoun or Baroness Koskull, or both

Miss Ginette Hewitt, committee and pro- photographed while

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THINGS are brightening up considerably. The spirit of "young England" is not to the fore only in Mr. Reynolds' play at Daly's Theatre, for Mr. Randolph Churchill has stepped brightly into the breach at Wavertree and put the cat among a lot of the mouldy old pigeons at Westminster. This time he has found an excellent outlet for his talents—which are very considerable, when applied in the right direction.

AND what élan is being shown at Charity Balls! Only the other night, at the Circus Ball at Grosvenor House, an elephant gave a splendid cabaret turn. History relates that it took fright at one of the photographers, for it could not possibly have been at the distinguished company present, which included the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Anglesey, Lord Beatty, Lady Jersey and Lady Plunket. It went into the lift, up to the second floor balcony, and in spite of Mr. Bertram Mills offering it sugar, it made straight for the gentlemen's cloak-room. I hope it gave a tip to the attendant. The débutante programme-sellers, little sweethearts that they were, luckily were each attended by one of the Lord Mayor's Boy Players in Tudor Robes, a splendid guard for such fragile, fuchsia-like creatures.

THE first performance of *Nerone*, Mascagni's new opera, at La Scala, Milan, brought out an audience and a scene which not even a gala night at Covent Garden can rival. It is that extra touch of the officers in uniform which seems to do the trick. Carrying helmets which look like those of a Roman centurion, and wearing their long blue cloaks, they make a good background for some of the fairest Milanese. All the boxes are garlanded with flowers, and the reception given to Mascagni, one of Italy's musical idols, was terrific. "Viva Mascagni!" was shouted for a quarter of an hour after the curtain fell. There was a big moment, too, when the Government representative arrived, in the person of Mussolini's son-in-law, Count Ciani. Pertile, the tenor, sang excellently as Nerone, who is not shown in the worst aspects of his character: the best singing was that of Margherita Carosio as the Greek slave girl.

There was a big reception given to Mascagni at the Garden Club after the performance, which did not end till nearly one. This had all the characteristics of an English mayoral reception, with very lengthy speeches. The Italians seemed to want to get to their supper, and kept clapping the Duke of Bergamo every time he paused in his speech—but he still went on. Little girls came dancing in with flowers for a bouquet for Mascagni. I saw the bouquet later in the cloak-room. The flowers were artificial.

THE pulse of St. Moritz can be taken from the Palace Bar. There are other excellent hotels besides the Palace at which to stay, such as the Carlton, Grand, Kulm, and Suvretta, which is "nice-county-family," and where you are all "much-of-a-party" and have a lot of respectably-organised fun in their parties. Lady Astor is staying there.

The time to go to the Palace Bar is when the orchestra has stopped playing its symphonic medleys, and has changed its rhythm to that of the dance. Here you see charming English girls (and marrieds, too) swooning in the arms of Italian and French counts as they dance round the floor, ready to forget their

Miss Penelope Maffey

A new photograph of Sir John and Lady Maffey's attractive elder daughter, who is at present living out in Vienna, where she is studying singing and German

• Out on Wednesday

Next week the "Bystander" reverts to its former publishing day, and will therefore make its appearance on Wednesday instead of Tuesday

Lady Ursula Manners, a vice-chairman of the ball gramme-seller-in-chief, and Miss Ulrica Thynne were they were still offering their wares to the arriving guests

Sir George Abercromby and Miss Eleanor Anderson

Col. Sir George Abercromby, of Forglen, Aberdeenshire, and Miss Eleanor Anderson, only daughter of the late Sir Arthur Anderson, of Roffey Place, Sussex, were married at Brompton Parish Church

duller English escort, until boarding the Engadine Express again for home, when all the numerous little extras of "de luxe" travelling start to become apparent.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Lady Ashley have been there lately, Mrs. "Brownie" Hollway has arrived to cheer them up, and Lord Hindlip is there, joining forces with his great friend, Captain D'Arcy Rutherford. "Uncle D'Arcy" is the ski-ers' friend: he will take you out to look for virgin snow, so beloved by the expert performer, or he will whizz you down the slopes of Corviglia, of which club he is secretary; and very ably does he do his work, also collect members. "D'Arcy's best for the day" is the term usually applied to the beauty to whom he will be giving a cocktail. But there 's no need to worry—it will be a different one to-morrow, for he wants to get them all into the Club. Similarly with Mr. "Billie" Reardon, entertainer-in-chief to the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Hubert Martineau is not there this year, but her husband is, and as charming and delightful an organiser of the Bobsleigh Run as in the past fifteen years. Mrs. Walter Payne chaperones Miss Peggie Johnson, who is one of the staunchest followers of the "Continental circle"—the round of Le Touquet, Biarritz, Lido, Brioni, St. Moritz.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

WHEN Sir George Abercromby married Miss Nell Anderson half Aberdeenshire and Banffshire were there as witnesses, besides hundreds of other people. Admiral Forbes-Sempill and his wife we saw, and Mrs. Barclay-Harvey, whose husband is Member for a part of Aberdeenshire. Sir Ian and Lady Forbes-Leith, the latter in black, had Miss Mary Collins sitting with them in church, and complaints were to be heard coming from all the pews behind, where smaller people had their view entirely blocked. Lady Penrhyn in a grey tweed mixture came with her good-looking sister, Mrs. Beaumont Nesbitt, and their mother, Lady Abergavenny. Sir John and Lady Dashwood were together, the latter in a messenger-boy hat of brightest purple, with red flowers perched on the front With them was Mrs. Alexander Hardinge, who also had on a hat that caught the eye. The main part, such as it was, was of brown velvet; but that was more or less completely covered with orange feathers. Sir Warden Chilcot we saw talking to Mrs. Smith Grant, who was weighed down with mink. Captain and Mrs. Charles Tremayne brought a small son in an Eton suit with them. Mrs. Tremayne was looking very attractive in a red velvet messenger-boy hat with pom-poms on the front and a mink coat. They have just returned from Switzerland.

Right: Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell, the eldest daughter of Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lady Eyres-Monsell, is engaged to Major A. S. Casey, the joint-Master of the Earl of Harrington's

Sasha

Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell

• Getting Married . . .

This New Feature—the "Bystander's" Pictorial Review of current weddings and engagements—will be found on pages B and C, before you come to the Frontispiece. Next-door is

WHAT'S ON

our weekly Going-Out Guide to London's Round of Amusements.

ALL sorts of excitements have occurred lately. Lady Gloria Vaughan has announced her engagement to Mr. Nigel Fisher. She is the first of last year's important debs to take the plunge. Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell has become engaged to Major Casey, joint-Master of the Earl of Harrington's hounds. She is tall (he is even taller), fair, and most attractive, and the eldest of Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell's daughters, and the first of the family to decide on matrimony. She couldn't have chosen a more suitable husband as she, too, is mad about hunting. Another excitement is the marriage of Miss Patsey Crawshay. Quite unbeknown to anyone, she married Mr. John Findlay in California. However, he 's by no means a "Californian." He comes from Dorchester, and is a son of Lady Mansfeldt Findlay.

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON *(Continued)*

LADY RAVENSDALE, dressed in black, had Mrs. Carl Bendix lunching with her at the Ritz the other day. Lady Alexandra Haig had one of the new poke-bonnet-shaped hats with her, in black felt, and the Comtesse de Robillant as a companion. Her hat was a bit extra, too, with an enormously long feather sticking out to catch the eye of passing waiters. We think that those poke-bonnet affairs should only be worn by the "petite," but perhaps we're wrong. Miss St. John Montagu was there as usual and, again as usual, had some touches of scarlet about her, this time in the check of her dress, mingled with black and white. Lady Stanley, another wearer of black, was having a tête-à-tête with Mr. Loel Guinness. Mrs. Victor Seely, on the other hand, was in a party of four. A nice domestic scene was the Duchess of Marlborough with three of her young. She was having drinks before lunch with two sisters and Mr. Colin Buist. Mrs. Edward Lascelles, down from Yorkshire, was another we saw, and Captain Frank Gilbey, with his arm in a sling, didn't escape notice. He's probably been injured in some form of sport. Making a guess at it, one would say hunting.

PEOPLE seen about lately out of doors include the Duke and Duchess of Kent, stepping into their car after inspecting the work that is going on in their future home in Belgrave Square. The crowd that collects to see them is definitely getting smaller, for which they must be devoutly thankful. By the time this goes to press, they will be on the high seas, heading for the West Indies. Others that we have noticed during our wanderings include Mr. Nigel Seeley ploughing his way down Bond Street, carrying all before him. Mr. Duff Cooper, in St. James's Street, looking hungry about lunch time. Lady Mount Temple, laughing heartily at that unique play, *Young England*; Miss Angela Dudley-Ward and Captain Laycock doing ditto on the same night; Miss Heather Thatcher, all beaver and tweed and eye-glass, doing her best to enter that already overcrowded new "feeding-place" in St. James's Street.—MRS. PEEPS

Miss Mary Collins

Mary Collins, one of the tallest, blondest, and best-looking of the out-and-abouters, was sketched at the Ritz, all in navy blue, except for a dark-red velvet scarf

A Correction

We regret that, by a slip of the pen, the Hon. David Smith, Lord Hambleden's brother, was described last week as "Lord David Smith."

Below: *Hats and Bonnets*

Lady Alexandra Haig wore one of the new poke bonnets and the Comtesse de Robillant had a felt Cossack-ish hat with two long quills in it, when they lunched together at the Ritz

Watching "Young England"

Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes and a friend watching the heroisms and villainies of that amazing show, "Young England," which is now making its fans do a bit of welkin-ringing at Daly's

Dorothy Wilding

THE LADY MARY HOPE

A new photograph of the Duchess of Kent's Scottish lady-in-waiting. Lady Mary Dorothea Hope is the Marquess of Linlithgow's only sister, and was born in 1903. Her mother, the Dowager Lady Linlithgow, lives at Swinley Hurst, Ascot. Lady Mary Hope will probably be one of the busiest people in London this year, as the Duchess of Kent is certain to have endless official Jubilee Season engagements with which her lady-in-waiting will have to help her

The Snow is on the Mountains

And All Who Can Are on the Snow

Switzerland . . .

Above: a line-up of skiers waiting for their run down to Wengen. Below: competitors in a race waiting for their timed start on a Wengen run

Lunch at the Berg Haus

M. Arthur Lopez, Mme. Ralli, a Kent's great friend, the Marquise Prince and Princess Jean de Lucinge and M. Eugenio Lopez Haus, one of Kitzbühl's best lunch-t

Below: Mr. Ian Fraser and Mrs the Grand Hotel, Dary was Mar New York, an Fraser is has Señorita Blasqu

Austria . . .

Capt. and Mrs. Meats, Mrs. Cecil Langlands and her brother, Richard Rowe, waiting for a train at Kitzbühl. Capt. Meats is an expert on skis and wears the silver, "K" badge won in Mürren

Mrs. Rupert Brooke, whose husband is a nephew of the Rajah of Sarawak, is talking to Squadron-Leader Reginald Leslie outside the Grand Hotel

, Kitzbühl

the Duchess of e de Polignac, de Faucigny- z at the Berg n-time sun-traps

and Mrs. Keith me. Dary outside l, Kitzbühl. Mme. argot Keene, of nd Mrs. Keith usque and was quita Undurraga

Two Kitzbühl Ski-ers

Comte de Bonchamps and Ann Maclean, who is a great-niece of Sir FitzRoy Maclean, the twenty-sixth Chief of Clan Maclean

Above: Charlie Birkin was photographed just after he climbed out of the Arlberg express, which is in the background, and also in a snow-storm

Above: Susan Henderson, who looks even more attractive as an ex-deb in the snow than she did in débutante style last year. Her mother married Sir Murrough Wilson not long ago

Left: Rosemary Pooley, a niece of Lady (Victor) Stanley, waiting to start on an expedition, in spite of the falling snow

The Peasant Girl Who Goes to Heaven

Marie is a peasant maid-of-all-work who is seduced, has a baby, dies, and from heaven looks down and sees her daughter being tempted as she had been. She takes the golden pail, which is one of the glories of her life in heaven, and pours water on the young lovers below. They think it's an April shower, and part to run for shelter, and Marie is happy to see the danger is past

The Lovely Annabella

As Herself, and as Marie Of the Hungarian Legend

ANNABELLA has never acted more movingly or more charmingly than in "Marie," the French film of a Hungarian peasant legend which has been running at the Forum, in Villiers Street. The simplicity and sincerity of her performance as the village girl who goes to a heaven of golden brushes and brooms, transform the childish story into a picture of real beauty. Annabella's real name is Suzanne Charpentier; she became known here when the first René Clair films were shown. She has just come back from America, where she acted in the French version of Erik Charrell's "Caravan." Maurice Chevalier announces her to be one of the most attractive women he has ever seen

At the Derby Steeplechase Meeting

Left: Lady Dorothy Fraser with Mr. G. Archibald, caught on the first day. Centre: Mrs. Wilkinson and Miss Clive, also first-day visitors; and Right: Mr. Tom Coulthwaite and Miss Clayton, who were photographed at Derby on the second day

A Racing Reverie

Steeplechasers from the States: By "Regular"

OUR heartiest congratulations must be extended to Ivor Anthony on yet another great training feat—that of having his stable of horses at the top of their form to coincide with the arrival in this country of his two American patrons, Mr. Ambrose Clark and his nephew, Mr. Pete Bostwick.

IVOR ANTHONY is a past-master at this timing of a horse's preparation. Year after year Brown Jack was produced fit to run for his life on a certain Friday in June; and although I am not putting such animals as Chenango and Uncanny II. in the same class as the most popular horse of all time, it is just as fine a training performance to have them at their best at the psychological moment they are required, as it was in the case of Brown Jack.

MUCH as we hate having to admit it, there is no getting away from the fact that steeplechasing in this country would be in a parlous state if it were not for the Americans, and among Americans I include Miss Paget, since she derives her income from that country.

WHEREAS our own big noises of the Turf still persist in regarding jumping as just too bogus for words, the Americans, who are always supposed to be bigger snobs than we are, regard it in a very different light, and we must thank the powers that be that they do.

IT is pretty galling to have to admit that we are indebted to the sportsmanship of a few American men and women for the continuance of steeplechasing in this country, but it is better than having no 'chasing at all, and we should all be very grateful to them for their support. I, for one, hope that the Ambrose Clarks, Jock Whitney, and the Bostwicks win race after race.

To prevent a number of well-meaning people writing and telling me that, as usual, I 'm writing up my friends, I will tell you that I have never met the Ambrose Clarks. I have spoken to Jock Whitney three times. I have met "Brother Bostwick" once, and Pete Bostwick I don't know at all.

THIS fact, however, does not prevent my having the most sincere admiration for their sportsmanship, and the most wholesome regard for Pete's riding. In my opinion, Billy Speck stands alone over either fences or hurdles, and, next to him over hurdles, commend me to Pete Bostwick. I have not had sufficient opportunity to study his methods over a country, but I am assured he is just as good. If he is, he must be "extra."

A NUMBER of people have talked and written of Mrs. Ambrose Clark's unwillingness to run Kellsboro' Jack again at Liverpool as if she was guilty of some crime. Personally, I admire her for it tremendously, and if ever I owned the National winner, I should feel just as Mrs. Clark does.

NOTHING would be too good for the grand horse who had enabled me to realise my ambition; and I should never want him to be subjected to a hard race again. Only the best would be good enough for him, and I should love to build a beautiful stud, and buy him some lovely wives; but, of course, in Kellsboro' Jack's case, marriage would only be a mockery.

NEVERTHELESS, although he is condemned to celibacy Mrs. Ambrose Clark is determined that Kellsboro' Jack shall have a happy life, which is a great contrast to one young owner, who, after his wonderful old horse had won the National for him, thought it would be grand fun to ride him himself, with the result that a horse which really deserved a rest spent a number of hard-working months.

EVERYONE was tremendously relieved when the gallant old fellow, then aged about seventeen, fell, for almost the first time in his life, and broke his leg, and a merciful bullet put him quickly away.

HARKING back to the lack of support accorded to jumping by the swells of the flat-racing world, one of the best laughs I know is to be got in listening to one of them explaining to another why he had been jumping, and even funnier to hear one explaining why he had run a horse in a jump race. If he had been caught "carrying on" in the Park he couldn't look more guiltily embarrassed.

I HAVE to thank two readers for most charming letters. The first is from the well-known trainer, David Dale, who tells me that he had a real good laugh over my allusion to the swimming of horses in general, and Dusty in particular, and he ends up with the hope that my shadow will never grow less. Dale is the best trainer of bad-legged horses in the country, and I was delighted to see him get a race out of Aspirant for the enthusiastic owner-rider, Mr. Wood, who is Lord Halifax's son and heir.

THE second letter was, unfortunately, anonymous, but I am sufficiently vain to quote one paragraph: "The racing world owes you a debt of gratitude in that you have made people laugh at themselves." Much as I appreciate the compliment, and much as I should like to think it were true, I am very doubtful. In my humble efforts on this page during the past three years, I may have made people laugh at other people, but the racing world is a touchy one; and although there are exceptions, like David Dale, a joke about oneself is seldom considered funny.

The Old Berkeley Hunt Ball—

Included in the O.B.H. group above are Mr. Martyn, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Lintott, Miss Cumming, Mr. Malcolm Cumming, Mrs. Cumming, Mr. Stanley Barratt, M.F.H., Mrs. Barratt, and Captain W. E. Lyde

—At Wilton Park, Beaconsfield

Mr. Patrick de Laszlo, Mrs. Wigram, Vice-Admiral T. W. James, Miss Eileen Karri-Davies, and Mr. Pat Buxton were five more of the O.B.H. guests at the ball which was held at Colonel and Mrs. Du Pre's house at Beaconsfield

Corona - Corona - Corona

Lady Katharine Manley, Lord Northesk's sister, was photographed in her Spanish dress and with a cigar to match, at the Ice Club fancy-dress gala

Left: Sir Stanley Jackson, Lady Jackson, and their son, Mr. H. Stanley Jackson, at Waterloo, waiting for the boat-train by which members of the Empire Press Union set off for the Imperial Press Conference in South Africa

Right: Captain the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford, the Governor of the Bahamas, and Lady Clifford, with Miss Lenore Knight, the swimming champion. At a meeting at the British Colonial Pool at Nassau, the latter created a new world's record by swimming five hundred metres in six minutes, fifty-nine and four-fifths seconds

Sir Stanley Jackson Goes to South Africa

Below: Mr. Dowling, chairman of the Artists in Commerce, Miss Honywood, of Coty's, Adrienne, the lovely model, Miss Madeleine Carroll, Captain Hugh Leveson-Gower, and Mr. John Hallet at the Bal de Beauté at Covent Garden. Adrienne is holding the Coty Challenge Cup which she presented to the most beautiful model chosen at the ball

Swaebe

• ROUNDABOUT

Wendy Barrie in Hollywood

The English film-girl, who is engaged to Woolworth Donahue, heir to some of the Woolworth millions, is in Hollywood on contract. She is with Paul de Ricou, a French ex-tennis star, now a screen actor, at Palm Springs, California

Skating Experts in Training

Above: Miss Molly Phillips, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Jack Dunn, the English ice-skating team, have been training at St. Moritz for the European Championships

News from the Bahamas

Right: Lord Beaverbrook and Lady Diana Cooper doing a Riviera sun-walk along the Promenade des Anglais at Nice

Below: the Hon. Stephen Tomlin working on the large statue, to be cast in lead, which is to decorate Mr. Bryan Guinness's garden at Boddesden. Mr. Tomlin is the son of Lord Tomlin, Judge of Appeal; he has a portrait bust of Lytton Strachey in the Tate Gallery, and has just done a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson's small son

Left: Mr. Randolph Churchill, and Miss Sarah Churchill, who is helping him with his election campaign in Wavertree. Randolph Churchill's appearance as Independent Conservative candidate in the by-election has made as much stir as even he could have wished; he has been served with a libel writ, and the India Defence League have decided to back his candidature. Polling day is February 6th

In "Kid Millions" Eddie Cantor Goes from Boiling Oil—

Eddie, Cinderella of the waterfront, becomes heir to a fortune, but he has to go to Egypt to collect it (never mind why). There he falls in with a sheikh who does this sort of thing to him—it's boiling oil or the sheik's daughter for Eddie. Naturally, he escapes both, and ends up as an ice-cream king back in the U.S.A.

—To Ice Cream

Here are Eddie Cantor and Dorothy Davenport, one of the ice-cream girls. "Kid Millions" which Roy del Ruth directs, started its run at the London Pavilion yesterday

Cantor, Cantering and Crooning

Three Films of the Week

"Strictly Confidential"

The hero of this film is a racehorse, otherwise the leading man is Warner Baxter, whose fortunes stand or fall by the horse's good deeds. The heroine is Myrna Loy. This race-course story, directed by Frank Capla, is at the Tivoli for its second week

"Here Is My Heart"

Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle are the singing lovers (their big song being on the June-in-January theme) of this amusing film, in which Roland Young is the comedy star. "Here Is My Heart" is also in its second week at the Plaza

• FILMS of the DAY

"With Many Tongues"

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

I APPLAUD the presentation to English audiences of the best Continental pictures. At the Curzon, the Rialto, and the Academy, some lovely foreign films have been shown, and the public has proved its appreciation by enthusiastic support. But we must preserve our sense of proportion. A film is not good merely because it is foreign. Our interest in different technique and unfamiliar themes must be tempered by dispassionate judgment of merit.

"*MASKERADE*," at the Academy, is a quite interesting picture, but I do not think there would have been any enthusiastic outcry if it had been made in England and in English. The photography and the direction are at times rather old-fashioned. The acting is extremely competent. It has a good comedy plot based, it is said, on an actual scandal which convulsed Viennese society in the 'nineties. A flighty young married woman, infatuated with an artist of Lotharian reputation, allows him to draw her "wearing" only a muff and a mask. The drawing is published, and the chinchilla *muff* (mark you!) which the lady had borrowed from another of the artist's inamorata, is recognised. To save the lady's reputation, the artist selects a name at random from a directory, and declares it to be that of his model. The name is that of a little school-teacher, and when she (all innocent of the use to which he has put her) meets the artist, they fall in love. An excellent prologue to comedy complications, contributed to by a suspicious husband, a jealous ex-mistress, and the panic of the indiscreet lady.

Paula Wessely is the heroine. She has been hailed as a second Bergner. She is nothing of the sort. She is very distinctly Paula Wessely, with a manner and a method all her own. Neither the photography nor the fifty-years-ago clothes help her much, but her personality survives.

IN *Desirable*, we meet a new star, a very fair, fresh young thing called Jean Muir. The story was specially written for her by Mary McCall, Junior. She plays the part of the daughter of a famous and beautiful actress who has kept her at school till she is nineteen, and would, if she could, continue to keep her existence a secret. The girl returns home unexpectedly and meets a man called MacAllister, played by George Brent, at her mother's flat. She immediately falls in love with him, and his interest in the girl and the situation puts an end to any amorous intentions towards the mother. He constitutes himself her guardian and forces the mother to keep her in New York and entertain for her. The proposal of a wealthy young man gives the mother a chance to get rid of the hampering and "dating" daughter.

The boy's family give one of those exhibitions of American snobbery and family pride which would be really funny if they were not so offensive, and the girl turns to her adored Mac in her distress. In spite of the mother's hint that he was her lover, all ends happily—in a lift.

Since the part was made for her, naturally Jean Muir is made for the part: all sweet, girlish simplicity and spontaneous affection—a little over-done at times.

Verree Teasdale plays the mother resplendently and stonily. Neither type exists any longer, nor does their problem: modern mothers and daughters are contemporaries, and, generally, the girls are harder and more worldly-wise than their mothers; and so the theme falls flat and the interest depends on your reaction to Jean Muir's sweet sweetness. Dare one call her "the American Victoria Hopper"?

YOU will remember that Cary Grant was Mae West's leading man in *I'm No Angel*. That might have been an embarrassing position, but he carried it off with assurance. He is less at his ease playing with Elissa Landi in *Enter, Madame*.

Elissa Landi has all the categorical requisites for stardom: an uncertain, rather than a certain, beauty, which suggests an unusual personality, distinction, a pleasing voice, and, at moments, hints of some latent histrionic fire. But her talents seem disintegrated, unassembled, and, time after time, she disappoints.

In *Enter, Madame* she has a part which might have suited her as the impossible, temperamental opera-singer, Della Robbia, but her storms do not ruffle the surface of the emotional seas; her caprices do not ring true; her passion is low voltage and her intriguing lacks conviction.

Della Robbia (praised with faint Ma*dams*) falls in love and marries, but attaches her husband to her staff—manager, dresser, doctor, chef, and Pekinese. After an idyllic if uproarious and nomadic honeymoon, she accepts a fresh contract and he sails for America alone. When he wants a divorce she temporarily discards her career and arrives with retinue. But the worm turns, and, after more exhibitions of temperament, she is forced to resort to intrigue and submission before finally they are re-united.

An operatic parrot, the Pekinese, and the exuberant satellites (including Paul Porcasi), provide some amusement: there is plenty of action and a good deal of noise, but neither cast nor audience can be deeply concerned in the outcome of the antics of such puppets.

Jean Muir

The new star who appears in "Desirable," at the Regal. The story of the film was specially written for her; her part, as the unsophisticated rival in love of her beautiful actress-mother (Veree Teasdale), gives her great scope for a display equally of her looks and her talent

Left: Back row (l. to r.)—L. A. Booth (Headingley), J. Heaton (Liverpool University), E. S. Nicholson (Oxford University), A. Clarke (Coventry), A. G. Cridlan (Blackheath), D. T. Kemp (Blackheath). Sitting: P. Cranmer (Oxford University), W. H. Weston (Northampton), J. Dicks (Northampton), D. A. Kendrew (The Army and Leicester) (Captain), R. J. Longland (Northampton), H. Boughton (Gloucester), R. Leyland (Waterloo). On ground: (left) P. L. Candler (Cambridge University); (right) J. L. Giles (Coventry)

The English Team Against Wales

John Radnor on "Rugger"

A Game Grim and Glorious

PROBABLY, like me, you still are listening to what partisans call "reflections" upon the great match at Twickenham. Was it great, or merely desperate and thrilling to watch, with a triumphant chorus of relief by Englishmen, and a vast moan of oft-baffled Welshmen at the finish? I can almost hear the arguments about the respective values of penalty goals and tries, the trite remarks about the wages of sin, and the jugglings with the "ifs" and "might-have-beens" by the excursion-train selectors and lounge purists.

A few things, of course, would be granted almost unanimously. The pace was a cracker, the tackling a nut-cracker, and the individual performances of players like C. W. Jones and Boughton, magnificent in their respective ways. The deductions to be drawn from the fact that Wales, for all the enterprise and élan of her midfield backs, scored only one try, and England, in spite of her advantage in the scrummage, no try at all, are certain, on the other hand, to be many and various, even when the real experts get together.

PROBABLY one had to play in the match—it is possible to imagine a kind of roving commission from full-back to hooker and back again several times—to understand its difficulties. The way in which the ball and the man comes to him settles the issue—success or failure—for most people. Which is only another way of saying that marking and tackling tell.

Well, does any true Rugby man grumble about that, even though he complains about unfair spoiling and other tricks of the trade?

It would have been a joy to see Cranmer and Heaton more often on the run; to watch two fine back divisions, in fact, racing up and down the field in combination; but, as that was not to be, the next best thing was to study the magnificent defence that stood in their way. Davey, the Welsh centre, always was a bolt from the blue as a tackler—ask the gallant Harry Lind, and other victims if that is not so—and, but for the last ten minutes, he would have done much to slaughter the reputation of Heaton, Cranmer and Candler. Davey was marking Heaton, but he managed to "bump" all three at intervals. And when, once or twice, Davey's dive just failed to stop a first-class runner—and, as I say, one sometimes has to be on the field, alongside, to know exactly why—Bassett dashed in to save the situation.

One or two of Bassett's tackles made one wonder whether he was not his famous brother in disguise, much trained-down, of course, and brought up from full-back and out of retirement. Wooller, too, was better in defence than most people expected him to be; Cowey, until he was hurt, able to hold the elusive Leyland, and Jenkins as steady as a rock farther behind.

I SHOULD add that the English defence could be analysed with a similar result, the chief heroes being the indefatigable Cranmer and the Selectors' happy last-minute thought, Boughton, at full-back. Boughton's fielding and kicking were models of cool efficiency. Perhaps he was fortunate that the Welsh pack were too well held to test him fully for speed; but no matter.

Still, I have not done anything like justice to the one man who did triumph over every difficulty—the slow and infrequent heeling of his forwards, the reckless and uncertain passing of his partner, and the unfailing endeavours of his opponents to smother him, as it were, at birth. Whatever it might have been as a whole and for others, the match was a great one for Cambridge's stand-off half, little C. W. Jones, who, as most people now realise, represents Welsh Rugby at its best.

It sounds a staggering piece of impudent exaggeration, but it is a fact that, in a match in which the ball generally reached him high overhead or at his toes, with a large party of hungry Englishmen close upon him, Jones failed only twice to get in the almost perfect kick to touch, or to break away into the open.

Surely there never was such an Untouchable!

In these highly unpromising conditions, Jones, first and foremost, and next, Wooller, in his giant stride, and Davey, as much a bolt from the blue in attack as in defence, succeeded in creating the impression that Wales were a winning side. It was a great achievement, and the least it deserved was a fine try and a drawn game. It is a pity that the persistence with which some of the forwards fell offside—worried, no doubt, into false steps by their repeated failures to get the ball—wasted the effects of a great combined effort early in the second half.

IT was a stupendous penalty-kick to touch by Jenkins that produced the situation—and yet he wasted all his good work by failing to convert the try—the forwards at least heeled-out moderately well for once: Powell's cannon-ball pass went to hand this time—Jones not only cut through like a streak of lightning, but linked up with his centre; and finally Wooller rose to the heights as a runner-in.

As I say, a great combined effort. No wonder the landscape suddenly became more violently red than ever with the Welsh brand of béret, not to mention the clatter of "Sospans"—all the way from Llanelly—and many a delirious shout that had no meaning to the English ear.

The English spectators, however, admired that try quite as much as the Welsh, and most of them said so.

Then, after another twenty minutes of grim anxiety for both sides, came a portent that may or may not have affected the Celtic spirit. Almost suddenly, a not uncheerful winter's afternoon lost most of its light. A great pall of fog, high up, blotted out the sun, and before it passed over, Boughton had landed his penalty goal, and Welshmen were talking again of Twickenham luck.

Lieut. B. Magee, the captain of the R.N.E. College Rugby team, and Sub-Lieut, T. Maxwell, the secretary, who started their after-Christmas leave matches by beating the "Hornets" of Fowey by 28 points to nil

Horse and Foot

Fox-Hunting and Terrier Beagling in Gloucestershire

The V.W.H. at Bibury

In the absence of Major Tommy Bouch, joint-Master and huntsman of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's), Major Humphrey de Freville acted as field-master. On the left is Cluett, the first whip and kennel huntsman. The meet was at the Swan at Bibury

Earl Bathurst

Left: Earl Bathurst is joint-Master of the Cirencester part of the V.W.H. Both V.W.H. countries have had a certain amount to talk about for the last few weeks, even though "foot-and-mouth" is better

Above: Miss Clarke-Kennedy and Lord Craven were out with the Lucas Sealyhams when they met at Compton Beauchamp Park. Lord Craven is eighteen, and succeeded his father, the fifth Earl, in 1932

Below: Major Jocelyn Lucas, the Sealyham king; Colonel Kelly, Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, and Miss Pamela College at the meet

Left: Captain Pawson talking to Mrs. Jocelyn Lucas, who was Lady Kekewich before she married Captain Lucas

Major Jocelyn Lucas's Sealyhams Give Good Sport

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Dictators of Various Kinds

By A. G. Macdonell

It is quite likely that the historians of the future may decide that, in the long story of Christianity, there have only been two dates of primary importance—the Birth of the Founder, and 800 A.D.—and that there has been no other date on which something occurred which altered history. (Some may add the day on which Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church-door at Wittenberg in 1517.) It was on Christmas Day, 800 A.D., that Charles, King of the Franks, was crowned Emperor of the Romans in St. Peter's, at Rome, by Pope Leo, and so founded that Holy Roman Empire which lasted for 1006 years, and was finally shot to pieces by the Corsican ex-captain of artillery. Mr. Douglas Woodruff has written a short life of Charlemagne, the Great Charles (Peter Davies; 5*s.*), and he has produced a masterpiece of compression. He is not content with a mere survey of the forty-seven years which Charles reigned. He gives us a masterly sketch of the historical background against which the Franks gradually rose to power, draws a brief picture of the Lombards and the Saxons, discusses the position of the Papacy, and then, having thus arranged his canvas, turns to his central figure. Mr. Woodruff is of the old-fashioned school of historian and scholar who bases his writing upon his learning, and his style upon his facts. Not for him the Tyrian-purple passage of Gibbon, or the facetiousness of Guedalla, or the inexhaustible inventiveness of Strachey. Mr. Woodruff has the unheard-of audacity to distinguish the truth from what he might prefer to have been the truth, and write down his conclusions in limpidly clear English. He seems to feel that Charlemagne is more important than Woodruff, and that is a great deal more than can be said for many of our gay young historical sparks. But do not think that Mr. Woodruff cannot write musical, sonorous prose. In his final chapter, "The Legend," there are some lovely passages, thrown in with an almost casual air, and the final paragraph of the book has a ring of the authentic Belloc. *Charlemagne* is a fascinating study of one of the greatest men who ever lived.

I cannot help feeling that M. Paul Morand, in his latest book, *The Epic-Makers* (Lovat Dickson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is in the position of the commander of a battery of heavy howitzers who has lost his temper with an enemy trench, and has spent a great deal of artillery ammunition in demolishing it. In M. Morand's case, the enemy trench is manned by the Jews, Greeks, Levantines, Americans, Syrians (the simile has gone hopelessly to bits, because no one could imagine some of those gentry manning any trench), who batten upon the film-industry in France. He has had one good look at them, gone up in the air in a flame of righteous indignation, and rushed off to his heavy guns. *The Epic-Makers* is as fine a bit of sustained bombardment as I—an old gunner myself—have ever seen. M. Morand takes the French film-industry—always excepting, in his own words, "the small company of French film-producers and directors, the joy of an élite, whose names have an authentic ring, whose graceful art has a direct appeal for us"—and he tears it to ribbons, sneers at it, jeers at it, blows bubbles through it, and makes rings round it; and, finally, twists the whole thing up into a tattered ball and tosses it into the garbage-can. His four heroes are Mr. Isidore Jacobi, Mr. Pericles Hermeticos, Mr. Sacha Sacher, and Mr. Kalitrich, and they form a syndicate—with someone else's money—to make a film of *The Song of Roland*, to be entitled *Fayre France*. The result is chaos, swindling, folly, ignorance, roguery, disaster, and ultimate triumph for all of them, owing to an unforseen bit of roguery by one of their subordinates. *The Epic-Makers* goes at a breathless pace, and the excitement and gloriously cynical wit never let up for a single page. I do not dare to say it is glorious fooling, because M. Morand specifically says in his preface: "Far from enlarging on the truth, I have inclined to understatement." So all I can do is to shed a tear that the newest of the arts should be so largely in the hands of a group of atrocious scoundrels, and to advise everyone to read this blaze of wit and irony.

"Look, Looie—they got Public Enemy Number 24—that moves you up to 75"

The moral of *A London Story*, by Mr. George Buchanan (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is as clearly pointed as anything that ever went into a Victorian nursery. The hard, selfish, get-on-at-any-price, competent brother comes a cropper in the end, is sacked by his titled employer, and parts from his handsome wife; whereas the younger brother, the dreamer, the poet, the introspective, shabby fellow, winds up with a steady job in a tea-company, and a wife of great charm, sympathy, and beauty; and, so far as my modesty and general ignorance of life permit me to deduce, the prospect of the arrival of what used to be called—again I invoke our Victorians—a little stranger. This clear-cut triumph of the good over the bad is naturally a slight handicap to the realism of any book. Life does not always work that way. And I do not think that Mr. Buchanan's philosophical equipment is quite strong enough to stand the strain of some of good-brother Nicholas's more turgid self-analysis. But, after this small criticism, I must say that I mildly enjoyed *A London Story*. It is hard to believe that a love-maker of bad-brother John's ineptitude really exists, but they tell me that, in this country at least, it is quite a common type, and the description of the big department-store and its frightful boss is capitally done. I shall look forward with interest to Mr. Buchanan's next book.

"Rico, Bandit and Dictator," by Mr. A. de Fierro Blanco (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a most engaging book. It purports to be partly the biography and partly the autobiography of a South American Dictator, and it is full of brilliantly witty stuff. Rico is a superb character who "always found it more profitable to trust to himself than to God," and who is always ready with wise aphorisms on every subject; but especially Woman. He describes with great delicacy, and at the same time with frankness, his love-affairs with La Gloria, with La Faquita, with the Argentine Miss, and with many another. He explains his system of justice, his attitude towards the Protestant schools ("I would suppress them if I dared. The best that I can do is to have their converts shot as fast as they become unruly or criminals"), his views about Finance, Foreigners, and Democracy, and finally, at the age of forty, he vanishes completely, and is never heard of again.

I do not know who Señor de Fierro Blanco is, but I do know that he has a pretty wit, and that *Rico* is great fun.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

This handsome coat in black and white striped hopsack has been designed for country wear or the Grand National. The art of the tailor is seen in the clever working of the stripes, which are very slimming, while a contrasting note is introduced in the white revers. It costs 14 guineas, and may be seen at Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street. This firm specialise in tailor-mades. Their cut is perfect and their charges moderate

Photograph by Lenare

Lingerie of Distinction

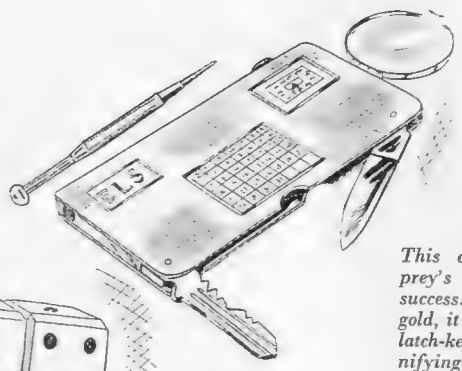
This lovely nightdress from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is of burnt peach chiffon. It is backless, and is trimmed with ruched frills of the same material. Destined to accompany it is a deep cocoa lace three-quarter-length coat with cape sleeves

Equally charming is the satin négligé in burnt peach satin pictured on the right, which also comes from Harvey Nichols. Ruched frills of ring velvet decorate the sleeves and neckline, while the skirt shows a floral velvet appliqué, and a modified train

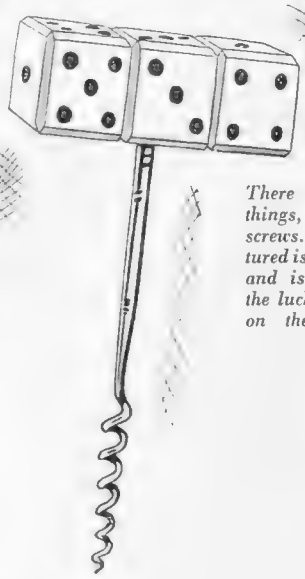
Photographs by Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

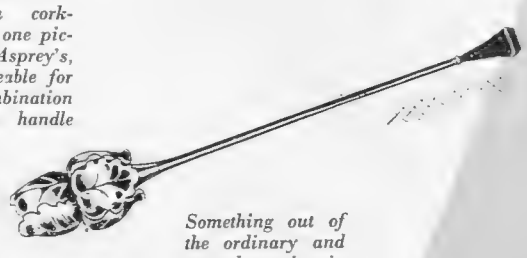
A somewhat Futuristic impression of a shying horse, from Asprey's, 165, New Bond Street. The figure is in silvered metal, and would make an excellent door-stand



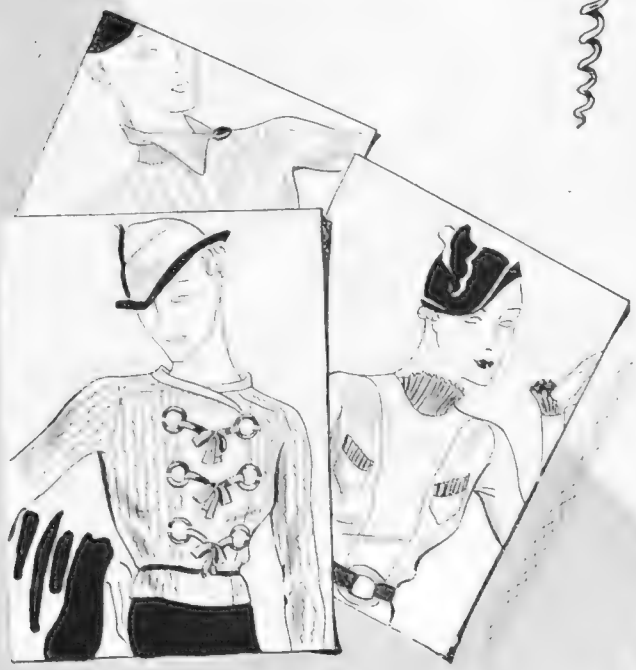
This compactum from Asprey's is sure to meet with success. In engine-turned gold, it comprises a penknife, latch-key, pencil, watch, magnifying-glass, and calendar, plus a plaque for initials



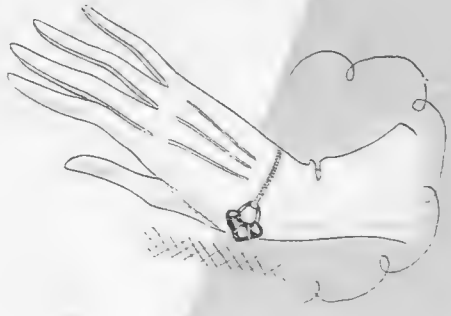
There is luck in all things, even corkscrews. The one pictured is from Asprey's, and is noticeable for the lucky combination on the dice handle



Something out of the ordinary and very decorative, in the shape of a cigarette - holder. The flower which grips the cigarette is of chalcedony



Here are some new ideas from the Continent which have crossed the Channel. At the top is a new version of the polo collar. This is slit down one side and is finished with a wooden clip. Below is a woollen jumper decorated with metal rings and leather bows, while the picture on the right shows a high neckline with a pleated frill across the front



A zip fastener across the back of the hand will prevent your glove from wrinkling and will ensure a perfect fit. A charm or medallion can be attached so as to fall over the wrist

New ideas in clocks are always to be found at Asprey's. The one pictured is a realistic wine barrel in polished oak reinforced with copper bands. The contents keep excellent time

Golf Clubs at Home

Hastings

(1) The club house, dating from the sixteenth century, and supposed to be, at one time, a smuggler's den. (2) T. Leonard, chairman of directors; and Godfrey West, captain and director. (3) E. S. Bradman, past-captain and green committeeman. (4) H. Plater. (5) J. Savage, past captain; and B. Tindall, director. (6) Dr. J. Walker, past captain and director; G. H. Peach, hon. secretary. (7) Dr E. H. Glynn and L. A. Blackman. (8) R. Clarke, committeeman; and H. Deacon

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Team Selection

" BYSTANDER "

£500 Golf Trophy (3rd Year)

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone)

The third Annual Open Amateur Tournament, under handicap, for the " Bystander " £500 Trophy and other prizes will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

On March 23rd and 24th, 1935

Full particulars concerning Conditions, Entries, Travelling and Hotel facilities will appear next week

At Hastings Golf Club

Left: C. Alford and O. H. Broome, two members of the Hastings Golf Club, at the tenth tee. Right: J. A. Patterson, assistant professional, and J. Patterson, professional. Further pictures in connection with the Hastings Club will be found on page 214

THERE is no doubt that the selection of a team at any game is a difficult, perplexing, and often a most embarrassing matter. It has always been a mystery to me why selection committees so often consist of men whose playing days are over, assisted by men whose playing days, among the best players, have never begun, and, moreover, are never likely to begin : in short, " has-beens " and " never-was-ers." This method of selection has found favour in the past, not only with the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, but also with the Marylebone Cricket Club and the Football Association. It is easy for selectors to make a mistake, but such a gross error, as the selectors of the English Amateur Association Football team made lately by selecting a professional to play in an amateur international match is, in my opinion, unpardonable. It would be interesting to know from what source the information concerning the abilities and qualifications of this player was obtained. I know only too well the difficulties of selectors, as I have had practical experience of their duties on the selection committees of the Corinthian Football Club and the Old Carthusian Golfing Society, and I was for one year the sole selector of the Cambridge University cricket team and the CambridgeUniversity Association football team.

These first two committees included some men whose playing days were over, but there was a majority of men who were still playing. It may certainly be rather embarrassing if a member of a selection committee is a doubtful candidate for a place in the team, but with a little tact and common sense, this difficulty can be easily overcome. If the player concerned does not on his own initiative ask to leave the room while his case is being considered, he should certainly be asked to do so.

Let us consider what is the most desirable composition of a selection committee. For football and cricket, I do not think it should exceed three in number, and a good combination, in my opinion, would be a chairman who is an old player and has retired from the game, assisted by two active players with experience, neither of whom has very much chance of being selected himself. When the committee has decided on who should captain the side, the player selected should most certainly be consulted. The system, often employed, of picking the team, and then selecting the captain is, in my opinion, putting the cart before the horse.

I BELIEVE the best manner of selecting a team is to leave it to one man. This method was used in my day at Cambridge University, and worked exceedingly well. Of course, there has been talk of favouritism, and of the captain playing his friends, but I can assure you that every Cambridge captain is too keen to beat Oxford to select anyone he does not consider the best man for his particular position in the team. Of course, and very naturally, if there is only room for one of two players whose qualifications are apparently equal, the more pleasant man of the two gets the place. The secretaries of the various sports of the Universities are often men who, on the previous season's form, are most likely to be certainties for places in their various teams, etc., yet, during my time at Cambridge, the captain left his secretary out of the side on at least two occasions. I submit that this embarrassing duty would have been more difficult to perform if a large committee had to be consulted.

I GIVE the last Australian cricketers to visit this country full marks, but certainly do not congratulate them for the way in which they, by talk, propaganda, and the use of the Press, manœuvred out of their opponent's team the best captain, the best batsman, and the best fast bowler. It most certainly is a very great advantage if your selection committee not only chooses your own side, but also has a say in the selection of your opponent's team. Whether Voce was good and fit enough to play, I am not in a position to say, but I have little doubt that he would have been useful against a team, many of whom disliked even medium-fast bowling and were continually ducking and turning their backs to such bowling. There are funks at golf, as well as at cricket. The golf funk is afraid to hit the ball, and the cricket funk is frightened of being hit by it. If we could have, by similar means, removed Bobby Jones, Von Elm and Sweetser from the United States Walker Cup team of 1926, we might, possibly (I only say " possibly "), have won, but I am sure most golfers would prefer defeat to victory obtained in such a manner. When I was a boy, if our opponents were without their captain, or one of their best players, through sickness or injury, and we won, we were, although, of course, pleased to have won, rather more ashamed than proud of our victory.

ALTHOUGH many people may have desired to do so, I am glad to say I have never heard of a vote of " no confidence " being passed on a selection committee.

As I have said before, the duties of a selection committee are very difficult. Very often, when an international team has been selected, the selectors could choose another team, and if these two teams played each other, it would be extremely difficult to forecast the winners. You have only to notice how often the Rest beat England, and the Possibles beat the Probables. When next the Walker Cup match is played in this country, I should like to see Robert Harris nominated as non-playing captain and sole selector of the team. If this is done, I feel sure we shall have more chance of victory than on any previous occasion.

Rugby Clubs at Home: Eastbourne, at the Saffrons

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

NOTE the delicious curving of the coast, the yachts, the sea, the palm-trees and the fantastic pinnacles of the Casino! .... How much Art has added. The theatre, built by Charles Garnier, is one of the most exquisite small theatres in Europe; a perfect setting for such a masterpiece as Verdi's *Falstaff*, or for the more modern discoveries of the Ballets Russes, which here have found a home far from the frozen North. And the South, too, has made its contribution; in the beautiful exotic gardens, wherein you may study the strangest blossoms and the most unaccustomed shapes of cactus and of aloe.

Osbert Sitwell

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Oxford at Henley

Oxford are now hard at work at Henley-on-Thames for the Boat Race, and they are seen above out for a practice spin

A Cricketer's Wedding

T. M. Pearce, the captain of the Essex C.C.C., after his marriage to Miss Stella Rippon at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Colchester. Members of the team are forming a guard of honour. Cutmore, the well-known Essex pro., is on the right

Oxford Coaches

K. M. Payne (the Cambridge President of last year) and M. H. Mosley (the Oxford President), who are coaching the Oxford crew at Henley

depression, death on the roads, the rumbles and rumours of war, and the rest would seem to have but ephemeral interest; but body-line is an ever-present and outstanding topic.

I had thought that the sorry affair was over and done with when Australia — rather undiplomatically, to say the least — gave the details of Notts' apology to the M.C.C. for the bowling of William Voce in two overs at the end of a sombre day in August. But the good folk of Nottinghamshire were to have the last word, and, as we well know, their recent action regarding that apology pretty nearly shattered Notts cricket, if not the England-Australian Test Matches themselves.

Very lamentable it all is. And who's to blame? Well, speaking frankly, the root of the evil seems to be in the slipshod handling of the controversy by the high priests of cricket. The M.C.C., for instance, adopted a ca' canny policy which did not help matters. You remember those hush-hush meetings at Lord's, with nothing definite coming from them.

Didn't Sir Stanley Jackson, whose number of statements this last cricket season were only exceeded by those of Arthur Carr, put the official attitude so well (and yet so delightfully

Representing Britain at Squash

Miss Nora Kelman, Miss Margot Lumb, Miss Betty Cooke, the Hon. Anne Lytton Milbanke, Mrs. McKechnie, and Miss Rachel Sykes, the team chosen to play squash for Great Britain, who sailed for America last week to play in various matches and compete in the American National Championships in Boston on February 4th

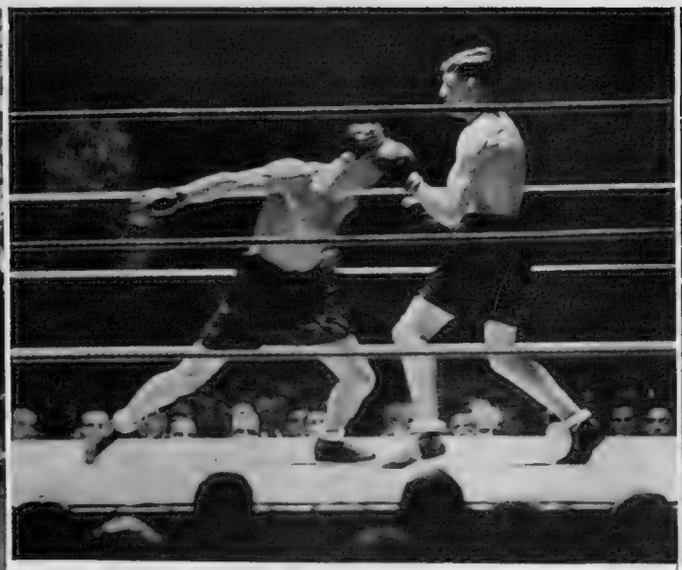
The Ic

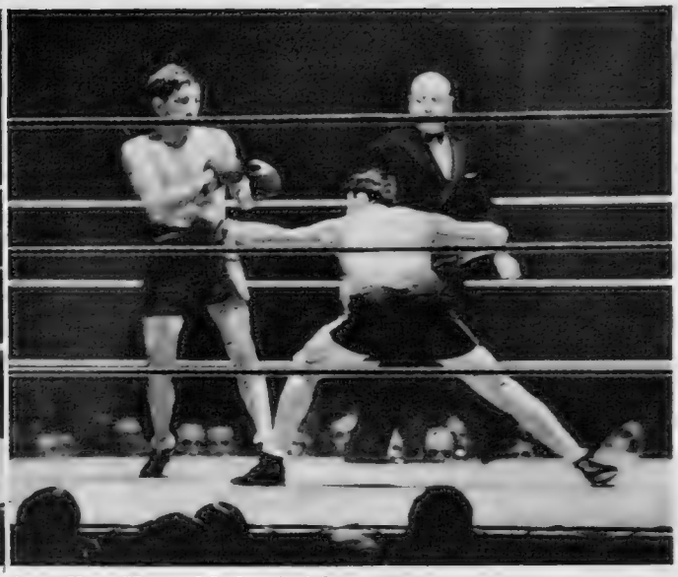
Canada, the world four goals to two shows a Canadia There was a lar

MAYBE, in a few thousand years' time, some University digger will make his reputation by excavating from the dust that was once London a bundle of manuscripts — as precious, indeed, as any scrap of papyrus from an Egyptian tomb.

This archæologist, let us assume, stumbles on a bundle of Press clippings from the morgue of a national daily newspaper. And then, after the labour of deciphering, what a find! For there, plain to the eyes of those people of the future, will be the details of the most epoch-making phase in the twentieth century—body-line bowling!

Believe it or not, when I review this whole, wretched business of body-line bowling (and see the importance placed upon it both here and in Australia) I am left amazed by our lack of proportion. Nothing seems of more importance to the mass of people of Britain and Australia than this unseemly squabble over a game. Trade





Overseas Boxers In Action Against The Home-Made Article

Left: an incident during the fight between Wesley Ramey, the American light-weight, and Jimmy Walsh, of Chester, which was a ten-round contest staged at the Albert Hall. Ramey was disqualified in the sixth round for hitting low. Right: Jack ("Kid") Berg lands with his left in his fight against the Frenchman, Gustave Humery, at the Albert Hall. The referee stopped the contest in the eighth round, the Frenchman having sustained a badly damaged eye

unconsciously) when he said: "I suppose the public will have to have a statement sooner or later." Well, well, that's one way of doing things.

What was needed at the start was a full, frank and open discussion of fast leg-theory bowling. Then, if there was any apologising to do by anyone, it could have been done and finished with. Instead, body-line has been left to fester like a wound; the poison has got well into the system now—perhaps the only cure would be a change of diet for the game. By that I mean abstinence from Test cricket for a number of years.

They will tell you at Lord's and Sydney, of course, that cricket cannot live unless it receives financial help from the Tests. These England-Australian clashes are sure money-spinners; profits do, I know, go to keep certain county clubs alive. But let the counties get back to real cricket—the sort of stuff you get on a Saturday afternoon in club games or the Lancashire League—and they will stand on their own feet right enough.

And now to Rugby. First, I must say how good it was to see the crowd flocking to Twickenham for the England-Wales match. As you know, the gates had to be closed, though I thought that, had the marshalling been carried out just a shade better, quite a lot more folk might have been squeezed into the ground.

That by the way, however. What I do want to say, though, is that those of us who were at Twickenham saw a rousing game. Indeed, at times I got the feeling that the players were just a trifle too enthusiastic; for proof, see D. A. Kendrew's gorgeous black eye! Now, unless I am very much mistaken, Kendrew "got his"

(*Continued on page 220*)

Hockey Championship

champion team, defeating England by Davos, Switzerland. The picture attack near the English goal. crowd of spectators to see the match

The Winter of Our Discontent

Frank Woolley, the England and Kent cricketer, in his garden at Hildenborough, Kent. In addition to horticulture, he runs a cricket school and conducts classes in the winter

Tuning Up for the Riviera

Miss Elizabeth Ryan with Mrs. Lycett, now a professional, before indulging in some practice. Miss Ryan, who is still the best women's doubles player in the world, has just returned from California

The South of England Ladies' Squash Rackets Championships at Hove

Miss E. E. Knox, who beat Mrs. Bryans Wolfe in the quarter finals

Mrs. M. G. Robertson and Miss M. Fraser, two quarter finalists

Miss G. Laurence and Mrs. V. St. Clair Morford, two quarter finalists

Miss S. Powell and Miss A. Alexander, who made up the last eight

Sport with the Lid Off: (Continued from page 219)

The Welsh International Went To His Head

D. A. Kendrew, the English captain against Wales in the "Rugger" match at Twickenham, dining with Mrs. W. E. Tucker and the old International, W. E. Tucker, at the May Fair Hotel, where the teams fraternised

Hunting in Hampshire

The Mayoress of Winchester, Sir Gordon Ley, Bart., the Master, the Mayor of Winchester (Mr. J. C. Hodder), and Lady Ley outside the Abbey House, Winchester, at the meet of the Hursley Hunt

when a Welsh forward popped out of the ruck to crash in a right hook. At any rate, I saw one brawny Welsh lad deliver that punch to an English forward.

It was a blow with malice aforethought, and no mistake. And, I am afraid, it was not just an isolated case of foul play. Had the referee seen some of the tactics which were due to frayed tempers, there would have been some men ordered off the field, even though there is a tendency to "whitewash" things in International matches.

As a matter of fact, questionable play is on the increase in Rugby generally. Apart from your bad-tempered fellow, there are players who are always trying to find loopholes in the laws. The new scrum rule, for instance, has caused quite a spot of trouble, for some shrewd people have been trying to find ways to "beat the rule."

Now, this is an idea got from the Americans, who pay fat sums to experts whose duty it is to find flaws in the rules. American football is a mass of laws, made, one by one, to check the "dodger." It would seem that the Rugby Union are slowly amassing rules much in the same manner. It is very regrettable, but the solution of the problem is simple: it is, let every "Rugger" man play the game, obeying the spirit (not the letter) of the rules.

DOWN in Cardiff just now, they are thinking more of Jack Petersen's forthcoming fight with Walter Neusel, the German heavy-weight, than of the Rugby international. Curiously enough, while Petersen is trying to put on weight for this bout at Wembley next month, his opponent is striving desperately to reduce his weight to 14 st. 2 lb.

Petersen is finding that a change in his training plans is helping him considerably in his effort to increase his poundage. Hitherto, he has always trained in the evening, the idea being to "acclimatise" him for his fights. Now, however, he does his sparring and exercising in the afternoon, so that he is able to have some relaxation before going off to bed. And, so I am told, the change is having good effect: the young Welshman is increasing his weight—and weight is what he most needs.

BY the way, another British boxer, Jack ("Kid") Berg, did very well to beat Gustave Humery, the brilliant young Frenchman, in London the other day. It was unfortunate that Humery had to retire through an eye injury, but there is no gainsaying that Berg looked good up to the time the referee intervened.

Berg's return to the top flight in pugilism is remarkable. But whether he will ever get a tilt at the light-weight title is problematical. I think he took too much punishment when in America ever to gain world's championship honours, though his defeat of Humery following on his victory over Harry Mizler shows that he has the will—and the pluck—which took him such a long way when he first set out in boxing.

I FIND now that I have little space left in which to comment on one of the most interesting experiments made in professional "Soccer." I am referring to the appointment of Walter Hardinge, the former Sheffield United and England forward—but better known as a Kent cricketer—as supervisor of the Tottenham Hotspur's reserve team.

I gather that Mr. Percy Smith, the Tottenham manager, feels that modern high-speed football demands his presence at nearly every one of his first team's matches. He feels that he must be watching the play to give the team advice on how best to counter the tactics of their opponents. Therefore, he is handing over the reserve team to Hardinge, so that he can concentrate on the League eleven.

But I wonder whether this idea of "remote control"—or skippering the side from the grand stand—is the best way to go about things in football? Personally, I hold that tactics should be framed *on the field* by the players themselves.

A New Air Way to Paris

By Charles Ward

Left: the Edinburgh Flying Club meets at Macmerry. Lord Nigel Douglas Hamilton, who commands No. 603 Auxiliary Squadron, is discussing a point about the controls with Fl.-Lt. Russell, chief pilot for Scottish Motor Traction, standing on the right

Below: plans for a fast service to Paris—140 minutes from Victoria Station to the Place de la Concorde—are being discussed by (l. to r.) Mr. A. C. M. Jackaman, representing the owners of Gatwick and Gravesend Airports, Mr. Holland Martin, chairman of the Southern Railway, and Sir John Thornycroft

Speed on the Air Lines

In America, where the pace is fast, there is talk of the economical speed limit of land machines being reached in 1935-36. In the same breath, as it were, Major James Doolittle lowers the record for the coast-to-coast journey: Glendale, California, to Floyd Bennett Field, New York, in 12 hours, flying throughout the night with Shell in the tank and wife by his side. The journey of more than 2500 miles was made non-stop in a Vultee Transport, one of America's all-metal passenger ships, engined by Wright "Cyclone." London-Paris is to be speeded up—Fokker was over here the other day, piloted by Parmentier in a Douglas. It is Mr. Morris Jackaman's idea to work from Gatwick in co-operation with the Southern Railway, scheduled time being 140 minutes from Victoria Station to the Place de la Concorde. This is no dream, but quite practical, using train, 'plane and motor-coach for the three sections of the route. There will be four companies operating services to Paris next summer—Imperial Airways, for a comfortable breakfast, lunch, tea or dinner; Air France and the new company, yet to be named, for speed, and Hillman's for economy. Competition has enhanced the value of Imperial Airways' route—new services attract a different class of passenger, which is a good thing for trade.

Coming Events

On February 7th, C. W. A. Scott is to lecture at Queen's Hall on his flight to Australia with Campbell Black in the "Comet." A film and many interesting still pictures are to be shown for the first time. Scott's ability as a speaker is equal to his skill as a pilot, and the lecture should be well worth attending. The War Birds meet at the Criterion on February 9th. This is a private party—anyone considering himself eligible should get in touch with "Bones" Brady or Flight-Lieut. Ira Jones, at Hendon. The de H. Aeronautical School is holding its usual party at the Hyde Park Hotel on February 15th. Tickets, to include a running buffet, supper, cabaret, and dancing, are amazingly cheap—10s. 6d. single and 18s. 6d. for two. The headquarters of the School are now at Hatfield, along with most of the de Havilland organisation. On Monday, February 18th, the Guild of Air Pilots meets at Haberdashers' Hall for the annual ceremony of Installation. The Master is Captain the Right Hon. F. E. Guest, and his Deputy, Captain Norman Macmillan. Wardens of the Court include the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, Captain Lamplugh, of Lloyds, Mr. "Jimmy" Jeffs, and Captain Norman Blackburn. Pilots who are not members of the Guild can obtain full particulars from Captain L. A. Wingfield, the Clerk, at 61, Cheapside, E.C.2.

Heston Reports Progress

Plans for developing Heston are on a big scale, and I am sorry it is not possible to reproduce the axonometric view of the new workshop hangar taken from the south-east, for it is really most impressive. However, building is to commence quite shortly, together with modifications to the passenger station, new premises for the School and the Airport Club, and another block of glass-fronted show-rooms. Mr. J. R. Bryans, a member of the Club, is putting up two squash courts, which will be equipped most luxuriously, with changing-rooms, showers, and gallery accommodation for fifty people. Night-flying equipment is to include two more "Chance" floodlights, and new boundary lights of a novel pattern. Each is in the form of an illuminated glass candle, with the regulation amber light acting as the flame. The Board of Airwork, Ltd., is being reinforced—Mr. T. L. E. B. Guinness, M.P., who has a large financial interest in the Company; and Mr. J. L. Walsh, representing Whitehall Securities, are joining Messrs. Norman, Muntz, and Denman.

Go There by 'Plane

New air services are started somewhere in the world literally every week. On February 23rd, Sabena, the national air transport company of Belgium, will commence to fly regularly to and from the Congo, thereby opening up the Sahara Desert and the West Equatorial region of Africa for trade and tourists. Eventually, this line will be extended southwards and will form an alternative route to the Cape. The French propose to operate an extension to Madagascar. The Moscow Post Office accepts express mail and parcels for despatch by air to the Arctic regions. Anyone with pals in Archangel, Irkutsk or various Polar places with unpronounceable names, should get a mail schedule from the Soviet offices in Bush House. Coming nearer home, Aberdeen Airways, which has built and operates its own aerodrome at Dyce, will extend its Glasgow service to the Isle of Man at Easter. A service to London via Newcastle and Hull is planned for the early summer. Altogether, our home towns should be pretty well served by air this year, though let us hope that companies will work together in the matter of making connections easy wherever possible. Distinguished passengers by Imperial Airways during the month have included the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the latter making her first flight. Also Prince Alessandro Torlonia with his bride.

Women's Golf

Largely L.G.U. Agenda:

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE agenda for the L.G.U. annual meeting is out (as well as notices for their dinner, which is always a feast of good speaking, the night before at the Grosvenor).

At first glance it seems an agenda peaceable to the point of dullness, for dull it must always be if the resolutions emanate mainly from the Executive Council and not from the clubs. One of the Council's proposals, though, is most eminently sound, and may have no small bearing on the future result of International matches, for, if carried, it means that the International Selection Committee need not be composed solely of L.G.U. Councils, but may have on it anybody whose special qualifications make them desirable for the onerous job. That is splendid. Selecting a team is a thankless business which very few can do well: it is therefore everything to have as catholic a choice of choosers as possible, not a restriction to those who have been elected to serve the L.G.U. for quite other qualifications than their knowledge of how the best players are likely to perform in international matches. It always seems to me that is what Selectors are apt to forget. They push the claims of Miss A because she is the only player under consideration from her own particular quarter of Great Britain; or Miss B because she dominates golf in her own county; or Miss C because they happen to have seen her play a superlative round in some local meeting, all of which may be useful sidelights on Miss A, Miss B, Miss C, but no real answer to the question: "Which of them will be likely to play best under the strung-up conditions of an international match?" by which specification a successful team is most often chosen. The players who are in the habit of watching or playing in enough championships to know other players championship form at first-hand are few and far between; they certainly do not abound on the Council for 1935.

IF the Council is responsible for most of the items on the agenda, the most startling of all comes from a county club, for it is Surrey L.C.G.A. who sponsor the resolution to delete the word "amateur" from all the conditions governing L.G.U. championships, county golf, and handicap regulations, though the R. and A. definition of an amateur would still be left in existence. That would make it entirely an academic question, of no practical interest so far as women golfers were concerned, whether any player were an amateur or a pro., and that is surely common sense and not snobbery. It is, in fact, the very exact thing advocated in this page on December 4th. WE cannot claim to have inspired it: no heavy editorial We anticipated Surrey's resolution, which was actually drawn up at that County's general meeting before the article appeared, though it was in the printer's hands. But since we did discuss it then, there is no need to bore readers all over again with the arguments.

The R. and A.'s refusal to alter their definition of an amateur, and the L.G.U.'S declaration to abide by the finding of the R. and A. on the subject, whatever it might be, are the only fresh factors in the case, and they merely make it seem yet more desirable that Surrey's resolution should go through.

THERE is not much space left for topics this week, so I had better deal only with one of my own: then nobody can accuse me of giving short measure. My little notebook records "Immaterial what shot is played off if the club moves correctly. Vide Torrance out of heather." And, one might add, Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson, only I happened to be watching the Walker Cup captain when that day's great thought struck me. What I mean is this: you see the normal, mediocre player go up to play a shot out of long grass or heather; she adopts a different stance or grip or swing to usual; you see her in a bunker, and the great number of differences, particularly in the angle of the club face, and the pace at which the club-head moves, is colossal. Then go and watch one of the real masters of the game, and you are immediately struck by the utter simplicity of the affair. The shot is played as quietly, as simply, out of any atrocity, as if the ball lay on the finest piece of turf in the kingdom. The normal players make, indeed, mountains out of molehills: the big ones treat both excrescences as non-existent. "You 've one thing to do, and that 's hit the ball," says a great British teacher now in the States. "And you 've one thing to hit it with, and that 's the club-head."

I FANCY there is a good deal to be said for the aphorism. It might mean a hard world for we poor scribes, who try to find some fresh tip each week to dole out to our public, but I believe it is, in the main, right for those who really aspire to the greatest things of golf, to which there are no short cuts. Luckily for the scribes, those great aspirants are few and far between. For the one great, there are always ninety-and-nine who clutch gratefully at any straw of hope, any tip that may help them to win to-day's match. For them to-morrow can take care of itself. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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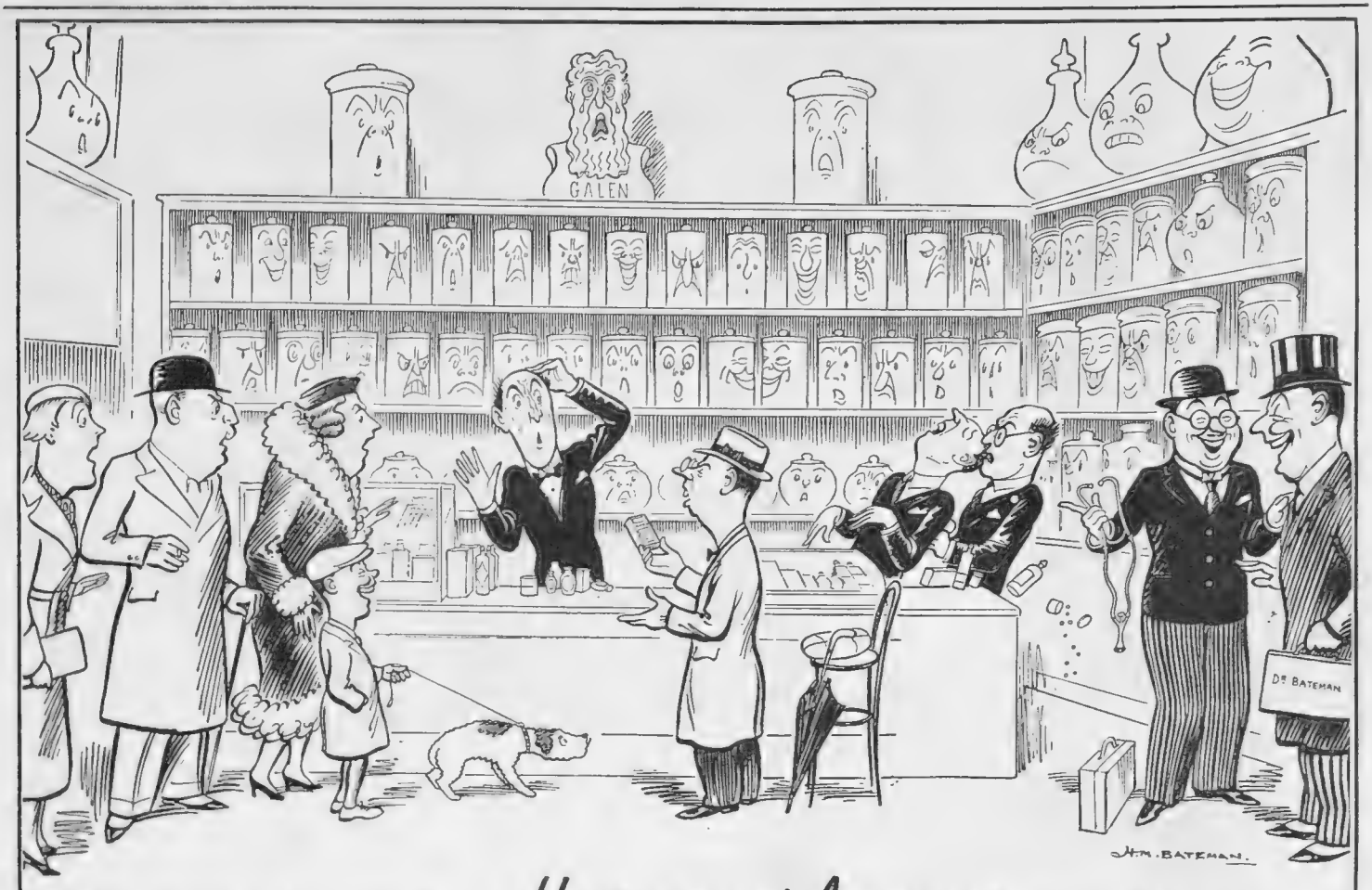

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What's On

(Continued from page A)

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS:

COPPELIA and LES SYLPHIDES: to-night, 8.30.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO: January 30th, 8.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: January 31st, 8.

THE MAGIC FLUTE: February 1st, 8.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: February 2nd, 2.30.

TOSCA: February 3rd, 8.

A SEASON OF BALLET.—Presented by Marie Rambert, with Pearl Argyle, Tatiana Semenova, Kyra Nijinsky, Frederick Ashton, William Chappell, Walter Gore: Duke of York's. 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carl Hyson's Follies of 1935; Louis Simmonds's band, and Java and his Tzigane orchestra: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and the grill: Ronald Frankau appears at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Gold-Dust Twins do a boxing act; Jack Harris and his band play: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing on Tuesdays; special band and cabaret, and extension.

DORCHESTER.—Midnight Follies Spring Edition of 1935, is a short revue, with new turns from New York; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Monte Carlo Follies are here; the turns include Gomez and Winona, and the Arnaut Brothers: extension, Thursday.

SAN MARCO.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret: extension night, Wednesday.

VILLA RODET.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodor Guitter's band: extension night, Tuesday.

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- No country has the same varied grand and wonderful scenery in so small an area as New Zealand. **Mountains, Lakes, Fiords, Thermal Wonders, Caves.** There is incomparable **Trout Fishing, Deer Stalking, and Deep-sea Angling for Swordfish.**
- A special representative of the New Zealand Government Tourist Department recently from New Zealand deals with enquiries, and will supply itineraries and estimates of costs.

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The Editor's Box

Eyleen Alannah

Aged fourteen, has already won stage successes. Has played in "Where the Rainbow Ends," "Children in Uniform," and "Shock-headed Peter." She is shortly going on the films

Travel Note

The 1935 edition of the *South and East African Year Book and Guide*, edited by A. Samler Brown, F.R.Met.S., and G. Gordon Brown, for the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., is an extremely interesting and valuable publication for all who wish to obtain authoritative information concerning the Union of South Africa, Rhodesia, Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland, Tanganyika Territory, Kenya, and Uganda, the Sudan, Zanzibar, and Mauritius. It deals with the material resources of the various countries, with a special reference to the South African gold-mining industry, their trade facilities, fauna and history, together with a description of the various places of interest from a travel point of view, notes on climate, and a choice of travel routes. A fine selection of maps in contour should prove of considerable assistance to intending visitors to any of the countries described, and for the benefit of these one may mention that the *Year Book* may be obtained from Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., at a price of 3*s.* 3*d.* post free.

Aerodrome Construction

We have received a most welcome sign that Britain is really becoming air-minded in practical fashion.

Straws, not propaganda, show which way the wind is blowing, and that is why we have read with such interest a brochure on aerodrome construction put out by the En-Tout-Cas Company, so famous as the makers of lawn-tennis hard-courts. We believe this is the first book of its kind sponsored by a commercial concern, and we know of no firm better fitted for the position of pioneer. The En-Tout-Cas Company have helped in the construction of a big proportion of aerodromes at present existing, bringing to the work a wealth of experience gained in the construction of sports grounds, public parks, and, of course, their famous hard tennis-courts.

Contracts recently completed by this Company include the construction of the 75-acre Leicester Municipal Aerodrome and a 39-acre extension to Heston Aerodrome, while work in hand includes the 85-acre aerodrome at Shoreham and the 105-acre Woolsington Aerodrome for the Newcastle Corporation. Any reader who wants a copy of this brochure should write to the En-Tout-Cas Company (Syston) Ltd., Syston, near Leicester.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

Women's Golf: "Bystander" Foursomes, 1935

April 1—4. Northern Foursomes and N.P.F.A. Competition, at Ganton (Scarborough)
April 12. One Day Spring Medal at St. George's Hill
June 11—14. Scottish Foursomes at Moray (Lossiemouth)
Sept. 11—13. Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges
Oct. 8—11 Autumn Foursomes: Ranelagh and Roehampton

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The Conquering Charm of Casanova

The History of Perfume

THE use of perfume dates from many thousands of years ago, when aromatic gums and sweet-smelling oils were used by the Egyptians for embalming their dead and for making perfumes with which to anoint themselves. History relates that in every well-to-do house the food and sweetmeats were flavoured with perfumes, and on the occasion of a great festival the guests, on their arrival, were met by slaves who anointed their heads with perfumed unguents. Cleopatra's beauty and charm is said to have been greatly enhanced by the wonderful perfumes which she used so lavishly. Thus the love of perfume increased throughout the ages, both in the East and in the West, till the sixteenth century, when it became an art.

Casanova, the Prince of Perfumes

IN 1879, the Parfumerie Grenoville established itself in Paris. This firm recognised the growing importance of perfume as a means of increasing a woman's charm and personality, and, after some years, evolved Casanova, the prince of perfumes, named after that romantic figure of the eighteenth century, Prince Casanova. This alluring Grenoville perfume strikes an original and modern note. Its mysterious fragrance, reminiscent of a flower-garden, has a subtle fascination which will appeal to every woman. For day or evening, it is equally entrancing, as it has the gift of harmonising with the personality of the wearer. It is available in attractive cylindrical bottles of varying sizes, and is undoubtedly a great achievement on the part of the Parfumerie Grenoville.

Casanova Ozonised Face Powder

AFTER many years of laboratory research, this firm of Grenoville have discovered and perfected an exclusive process of ozonisation, which is used in the manufacturing of their Casanova Ozonised Face Powder. This contains peroxide formed by the oxidising properties in ozone, and is therefore not only extremely beneficial to the skin, but a thoroughly hygienic and antiseptic product. Unusually fine in texture, this powder possesses special adhesive qualities. It is absolutely harmless to the most delicate of skins, as it will not clog the pores, but clings evenly and produces an effect of matt transparency. It is available in nine shades to suit every type of skin and colouring.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies as Elizabeth Barrett, Scott Sunderland as Browning, Wilfred Lawson as Mr. Barrett, in this revival: Piccadilly, 8.15.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Michael Egan's amusing play from the Embassy, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the argumentative young couple, plus Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.—Joyce Bland, John Laurie, Roy Graham, are in the cast of Webster's horrific tragedy, from which some of the horror seems missing: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.20. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play is on again, the cast including Louise Hampton, Maisie Darrell, Fabia Drake, Aubrey Dexter, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY READ.—A romantic, swashbuckling play about the eighteenth-century woman pirate (Flora Robson): Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon; excellent humour, and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OTHELLO.—Abraham Sofaer as Othello, Maurice Evans as Iago, Vivienne Bennett as Desdemona, Mary Newcombe as Emilia: Old Vic, 8 (except Tuesday). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PAGANINI.—Ernest Milton as the violinist who was reputed to be in league with the Devil; Andrew Leigh as his manager and familiar, George Harrys; Laurier Lister as Chopin: Whitehall. Last matinée to-day.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette play made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Robert Douglas in Laurence Olivier's part; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Aileen Marson has taken Celia Johnson's part as heroine: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

THE BING BOYS ARE HERE.—George Robey and Violet Loraine in their original parts, with Rebla as the other Bing Boy; new jokes and songs and all the old favourites: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—More and more and faster and faster dancing; Valaida and the 1934 stars are there, plus Kahloah, a newcomer: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

CINDERELLA.—June as Cinderella, Phyllis Neilson-Terry Billy Danvers, Clarice Hardwicke, and the Three Sailors are some of the pantomime cast: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

DICK WHITTINGTON.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Elsie Prince, and Audrey Ackland are the stars: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—A lively musical comedy, in which the four stars, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, and John Mills blow their bubbles gaily: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 54.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HALF A CROWN.—The hero is Sydney Howard, sometimes grocer and sometimes Ruritanian King, and he gives some grand laughs; Eliot Makeham, Malcolm Keen, and Eileen Peel are in the cast: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist; Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him, and was murdered; Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—The play its audiences almost know by heart: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

BETWEEN US TWO.—Leonora Corbett as an airwoman; Jack Melford as her journalist husband; Oriel Ross, Mabel Terry-Lewis: Criterion, to-night.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A story of Lancashire mill-life, with Wendy Hillier as the mill-girl heroine, Cathleen Nesbitt, Drusilla Mills, Arthur Chesney, Reginald Tate: Garrick, January 30th.

THE CONVICT.—A play of "Great Expectations," with John Martin-Harvey as Magwitch; Hubert Greg as Pip; Thea Holme and Jean Cadell: Westminster, February 4th.

CINEMAS

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO. Dumas's story grandly filmed, with Robert Donat and Elissa Landi: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DIRTY WORK.—Ralph Lynn, Gordon Harker, and Robertson Hare as jewel-thieves in Ben Travers's farce; Lilian Bond supplies the feminine interest: New Gallery.

FAREWELL.—The Chopin film, with Jean Servais as the composer; Lucienne Lé Marchand as George Sand: Curzon.

FORGOTTEN MEN.—The film of actual war-pictures: Rialto.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS.—A new drama for Joan Crawford, with Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery as her co-stars. Empire.

THE GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance and sing in this gay and amusing musical-comedy: Carlton. Last days.

HERE IS MY HEART.—Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle, "the singing sweethearts," have some new numbers: Plaza.

THE KEY.—A trio of stars in this film—William Powell, Colin Clive and Edna Best. COURAGEOUS has Barbara Stanwyck as its bright light: Regal.

KID MILLIONS.—Eddie Cantor's latest; a million Cantor-ish complications in time and space: London Pavilion.

THE LIFE OF A BENGAL LANCER.—Gary Cooper in the film-ised version of Yeats Brown's book, with Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, and Kathleen Burke as the "panther woman": Carlton, from January 31st.

MASKERADE.—Vienna in 1905; the heroine is Paula Wessely; Willy Forst ("Unfinished Symphony") is the director: Academy.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin; a fine holiday film: Leicester Square Theatre.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy in a comedy of horse-racing: Tivoli.

A WHITE PARADE, with John Boles and Loretta Young. And HIS GREATEST GAMBLE, with Richard Dix as star: Capitol.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL ART: Burlington House.

SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY: Agricultural Hall, January 29th—31st.

MUSIC

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in Mendelssohn's Fourth, Sibelius' Fourth, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphonies: Queen's Hall, January 31st, 8.15.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—With the L.P.O. and Roy Henderson as soloist; Dyson's In Honour of the City, composer conducting; Frank Bridge's A Prayer, composer conducting; Belshazzar's Feast, Malcolm Sargent conducting: Albert Hall, February 2nd, 2.30.

Recitals

A BRAHMS EVENING.—Elena Gerhardt, Laelia Finneberg, Gerhard Husch, Kurt Baum, Vronsky and Babin: Queen's Hall, January 29th, 8.15.

ISO ELINSON.—First of four Bach recitals: Wigmore Hall, January 29th, 8.15.

ANN MOORE.—Hugo Wolf recital: Grotrian Hall, January 30th, 8.30.

EMMY HEIM.—Hugo Wolf recital: Æolian Hall, January 31st, 8.30.

MAX ROSTAL.—The Austrian violinist: Wigmore Hall, January 31st, 8.15.

HUBERMAN: Queen's Hall, February 1st, 8.15.

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN.—Piano recital: Æolian Hall, February 2nd, 3.15.

ISOLDE MENGES QUARTET.—Schubert programme: Wigmore Hall, February 2nd, 3.

MARIA BASCA.—London Lieder concert: Hyde Park Hotel, February 3rd, 9.

MAURICE EISENBERG.—'Cello recital: Wigmore Hall, February 4th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* iii)

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GETTING MARRIED: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Helen Lonsdale

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lonsdale, of Oakwood Hall, Romiley, Cheshire; is engaged to Anthony Harte Butler, only son of Lieut.-General Sir Richard and Lady Butler, of Roden Lodge, Shrewsbury

Violet de Wolf

Only daughter of the late Major H. F. de Wolf and Mrs. de Wolf; was in "Mr. Whittington," the Jack Buchanan musical comedy; is engaged to Derek Kemp, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kemp, Mackerye End, Harpenden

Gertrude Sabey

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. de Clifford Sabey, of Fernbank, Roehampton; is marrying Oswald Leslie Stoll, only son of Sir Oswald and Lady Stoll, of Carlton House, Putney Hill, at Kingston Vale Church on February 23rd

Netta McCulloch

Is engaged to Michael Tennyson Deighton Patmore, a great-grandson of Coventry Patmore; is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McCulloch, of Ashley Bank, Pinner Hill. The marriage is to be in the spring

JANUARY WEDDINGS . . .

Speaight — Bowen

Left: Robert Speaight, the actor, and Evelyn Bowen, the organising secretary of the Welsh National Theatre at Llangollen, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Below, left: Edward Clarke, grandson of the late Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., and nephew of Sir Percival Clarke, chairman of the London Sessions, married Elizabeth Hall at Chelsea Old Church. Miss Hall is on the stage

Clarke — Hall

Grazebrook — Wells

Proctor — Acland

Arthur Francis Proctor, son of the late Sir Henry Proctor, and Adria Margaret Acland, daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. E. L. D. Acland, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

Left: Osbern Henry Grazebrook, son of W. Osbern Grazebrook, of Blakeshall Hall, Wolverley, Worcs., and Patience Eleanor Wells, daughter of Com. and Mrs. Harry Wells, of H.M. Coastguard Station, Great Yarmouth, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

JANUARY WEDDINGS—Continued

Neame — Fraser

L. B. Neame, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Neame, of Alfred House, Faversham, and Shena Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Fraser, of Stirling, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridegroom is an ex-Cambridge running Blue

Hurlock — Martin

Charles Fleetwood Hurlock, son of Mrs. E. J. Hurlock, and Jessie Isabel Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martin, were married at St. Luke's, Ramsden Road, S.W. The bridesmaids were Kathleen Pilgrim, Mary Cunningham, Joan Holder and Joyce Hurlock

Power — Stevenson

Ivan Power, son of Sir John Power, M.P. for Wimbledon, and Mari Stevenson, prospective Labour candidate for Hornsey, were married at St. Pancras register office

ENGAGED . . .

Elizabeth Graham

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Graham, of Harley House, and Itchenor, Chichester; is engaged to Edward Brian Pope, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pope, of 5, Campden Hill Gate

Evelyn Jackaman

Is engaged to Dr. Allan B. Robinson, of Slough, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. B. Robinson, of Leicester; is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jackaman, of Highfield, Slough

Bridget Bridgeman

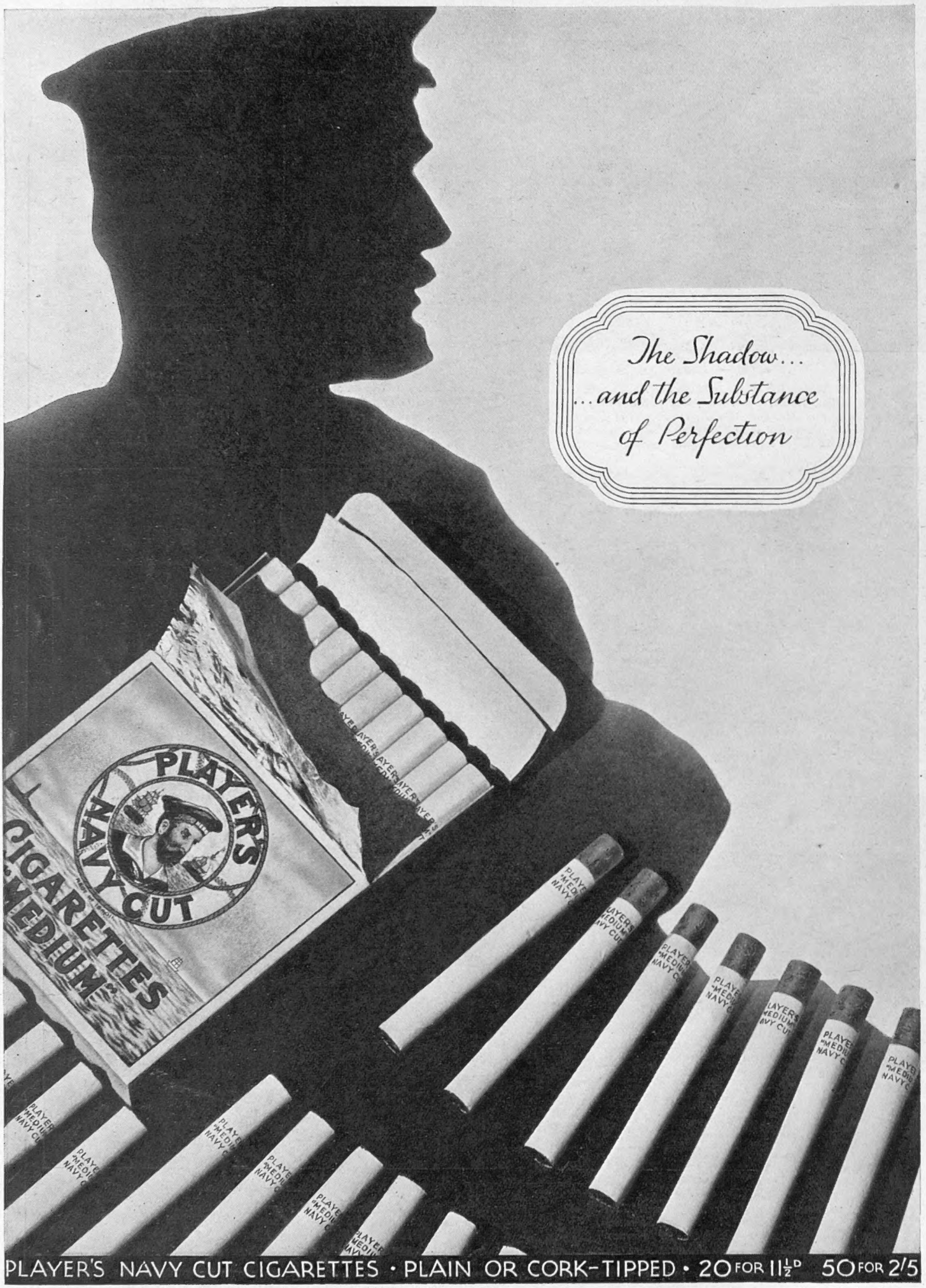
Is engaged to Guy H. C. Giddins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chaffey Giddins, of Eastbourne and Frinton-on-Sea; is the daughter of the late Ernest J. Bridgeman and Mrs. Bridgeman, of 12, Queen's Gate Place

Dorothy Walsh

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Walsh, of Hothfield, Boar's Hill, Oxford; is engaged to John Graham Kell, son of Colonel Sir Vernon Kell and Lady Kell, of 67, Evelyn Gardens

Hardcastle — Middleton

Eric Hardcastle, of Hipperholme, near Halifax, and Beryl Middleton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Middleton, of Alwoodley, Leeds, were married at St. John's, Moor Allerton, near Leeds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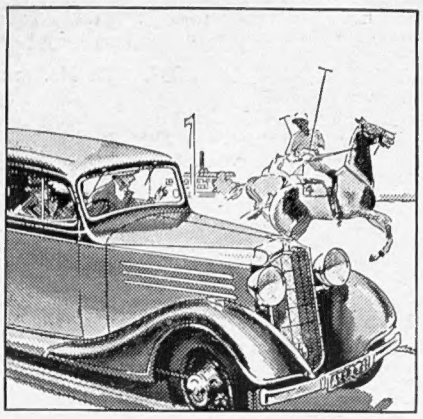

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So it is that, to-day, you can go to your local Vauxhall dealer and drive away in this roomy, tastefully appointed saloon, a car in the true Vauxhall tradition, for as little as £325.

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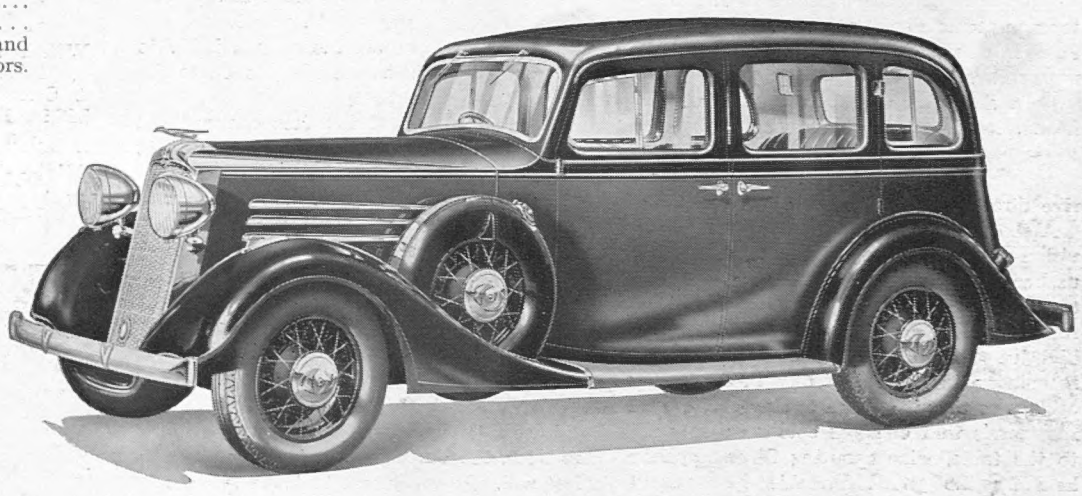

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"HE surrounded himself only with those things which could gratify eye or intellect. The originality and grace of his entourage attracted the attention of Nero, and Petronius entered the privileged group that surrounded the Emperor.

In a short time he became his intimate friend. Nero gradually accepted all Petronius' suggestions, and Tacitus says that soon the Emperor enjoyed nothing that did not derive directly from Petronius.

A banquet prepared under the supervision of Petronius was a spectacle of beauty undreamed of and fantastic. Art was wedded to good taste, bold originality to unlimited resource. The selection of vessels, the combination of colours, the complicated machinery installed invisibly in the ivory ceilings so that it seemed the heavens rained rose-petals that changed colour as they fell to the table, wine spouting from amphoræ held by the gilded Danaids that stirred suddenly to unexpected life, the music, the women, their garments. . . . All reflected the personality of Arbiter Elegantiarum. What wonder he became the indispensable companion of Nero . . .

* * *

A duel started between Petronius and Tigellinus, the Prefect of the Pretorian Guard. If they had both been of the same nature, Rome would have seen a brilliant competition of wit and talent: but Tigellinus was an enemy who stabbed in the dark: Petronius preferred to fight in the open.

Tigellinus believed in well-studied, well-prepared undermining. Far from being strong enough to meet his adversary with the same weapons, he set out to ruin Petronius by any means. And the most infallible—poison in the ear of Nero.

When diplomacy is degraded to the service of hypocrisy, it is difficult to detect what is really intended as a preparation for an unseen blow to follow.

Petronius was on the *qui vive*. He well knew his danger . . .

* * *

At a given moment slaves bore into the middle of the room—a huge bath.

It was filled with hot water, scented with oils of Sicilian Bergamot, festooned with ropes of roses. . . . Petronius rose with a smile. He waved a hand all round, saluted his friends, bade them go on with the feast, sing, laugh, drink without ceasing.

'Let me die with this scene in my eyes, these sounds in my ears,' he said.

As though he were leading a bride to the marriage bed, he led his beloved to the bath.

The expression of his face changed not one whit. Neither did hers. She felt in that deathly love, that lovely death, the thrill of a thousand nights. . . . Her ecstasy was unbearable to behold. Together they swayed, locked in each other's arms, the length of the bath. . . . They kissed the kiss of life on the threshold of death. There was a flash of white—and a bandage slipped from a wrist to the floor. . . . The music played on. . . .

* * *

When the messenger handed the parcel to Nero, the Emperor thought it was Petronius' will. It was usual to leave legacies to the Emperor, especially after an order of execution, in the hope of saving either the lives of or property for the relicts of the family.

But from Petronius?

No adulation, no legacies, no compliments.

The parcel contained a book, written in complete secrecy. The book described in a cloak of picturesque, graceful, euphuistic language the inner story of those shameful, shameless, famous, infamous orgies of which Nero was the leader. The names were changed but the characters were clear. Details of which he was supposed to be ignorant were recorded—an immortal catalogue of a less than mortal Emperor . . ."

Thrilling? Every line will intrigue and interest you—read it all . . . "Petronius Arbiter," written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

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